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NEWPORT, R. I.

Local Matters.

Tax Rate the Same.

Will Remain as it was Last Year—Large Increase of Taxable Property of the Brown Estate.

Tax Collector Higbee has completed the compilation of the tax list for 1901, and the ratio has been fixed at $11 on each $1,000, the same as it was last year. The ordinance of the city council authorizing the assessment of a tax calls for an amount of money not less than $428,000 and not more than $458,000. The rate as fixed will provide a sum of $446,910.20 as the total tax. Notwithstanding the loss of taxable personal property, owing to the settlement of estates, marriages, etc., whereby the property passes into the hands of non-residents (in three cases the loss is $90,000, $100,000, and $160,000 for these causes) the total valuation has increased over last year. The value of real estate this year is $32,931,400 as against $32,171,300 in 1900, and the personal estate this year amounts to $7,696,800 as compared with $7,600,000 last year, making the total valuation in 1901 $40,628,200 and in 1900 $39,772,000.

The largest gain in taxable personal property is found in the Brown family, the estates of John Nicholas and Harold Brown. Last year this family paid comparatively small taxes on personal property. The estate of John Carter Brown was taxed on $822,000, which remains the same this year, and John Nicholas Brown and Harold Brown were taxed on $10,000 each. This year there is a net increase of taxable property of $530,000, as follows: Sophia Augusta Brown (widow of John Carter Brown), $30,000; Sophia A. Sherman (wife of W. Watts Sherman), $50,000; Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, $20,000; Mrs. Harold Brown, $30,000; George W. R. Matteson, executor of Harold Brown estate, $100,000; George W. R. Matteson, executor of John Nicholas Brown estate, $100,000; John Nicholas Brown, minor, $100,000; and Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, trustee, for Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, $100,000.

The Laying of Mines.

There will be instituted at the Torpedo Station on Goat Island in this harbor a school for instruction and practice in defense by mining, for the purpose of instructing the marines of the naval service in this important branch of harbor defense. The engineer department of the navy at present has charge of this work but it is desired to teach the marines something of its practice for use in foreign lands, if necessary.

The planting of mines has been a portion of the course given officers and petty officers detailed to the classes in torpedoing, but the enlisted men have not heretofore been given instruction, and when the work has been done they have simply done the manual labor as laborers and not as experts having a knowledge of the work. Now it seems to be the intent of the department to place the burden of this sort of work upon a particular class of men in the service.

There will be classes at the station each Tuesday and men will be sent there as may be found convenient. At first the classes will be composed of men from the guard at the Training Station, and when the North Atlantic squadron arrives there will be plenty of material to work upon for the summer. The ordnance officers and assistants at the station will act as instructors and the great amount of special equipment there will be at their disposal.

Public exercises were held in the Newport Hospital last Tuesday evening when a class of four trained nurses was graduated from the training school for nurses connected with the hospital. Rev. Henry Morgan Stone delivered an interesting and instructive address, after which diplomas were awarded. Dancing followed the formal exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon E. Westall and family, who have been spending the winter South, sail on Thursday of next week from Daytona, Florida, for New York, arriving there on Sunday following. They will be in Newport the last day of April.

The condition of Mr. Albert C. Young, who fractured his leg in a number of places, is much improved. The bones have all been set and the foot will be saved, although he will suffer from stiffness of the ankle.

For Memorial Day.

The committee from the two Grand Army Posts met in Warren Post Hall and organized by the election of officers. Plans were discussed and it was decided to decorate the graves in the morning of May 30 and hold the public exercises in the afternoon.

The following officers and committees were chosen:

Chairman—William S. Bailey.
Secretary—William O. Milne.
Treasurer—John B. Mason.

Committee on orator and chaplain—William S. Bailey, J. P. Cotton, W. O. Milne.

On hall—A. L. Trowbridge, D. M. Coggeshall, Sylvester Marden.

On carriages—William B. West, Silas Hopkins, Warren Weymouth.

On supplies and printing—J. P. Cotton, William S. Bailey, William O. Milne.

On flowers—T. C. Sullivan, J. R. Mason, A. K. McMahon, D. M. Coggeshall, Frank P. Gomes, John T. Delano.

On music—D. M. Coggeshall, Robert Cradle, John B. Mason, Thomas S. Nason.

On flagging graves—Thomas M. Freeborn, Sylvester Marden, E. T. Bosworth, Robert Cradle, Edwin H. Tilley, David M. Coggeshall, William P. Smith, Daniel J. Moriarty.

On invitations—Commander A. R. Tuell, Charles E. Lawton Post, Commander J. I. Greene, Gen. G. K. Warren Post, Chairman W. S. Bailey, Secretary W. O. Milne.

Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Pember celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Monday evening at their residence on Thames street. A large gathering of relatives and friends were present and were most pleasantly entertained by their host and hostess. Songs were sung by Messrs. Vanneman and George Barker, Miss Kirwin and Miss May Shanteler; Miss Dougher and Miss O'Neill entertained the guests with pretty dances and the Training Station orchestra rendered selections.

Miss Gladys D. Kaull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Kaull, celebrated her eighth birthday on Saturday last by entertaining about thirty-five of her young friends and acquaintances. Games were played and prizes awarded to Miss Ethel Tozier, Miss Betsy Martland and Master Franklin Goddard. The table presented a very handsome appearance, being decorated with flowers. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed a very pleasant time. Little Miss Kaull was the recipient of many very pretty gifts.

Funeral services for the late Simeon Davis were held from his late residence on Broadway Sunday afternoon, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone officiating. Davis Division, Uniform Rank, and Redwood Lodge, K. of P., attended. The funeral procession was headed by the Seventh Artillery Band. There was a large attendance of friends. The bearers were Messrs. Everett L. Gorton, George A. Wilcox, W. P. Dawley, S. H. Oxx, David I. Scott and William Hanson. The interment was in the Island cemetery.

Rev. William Fish, of Colorado Springs, Col., is visiting his niece, Miss Rebecca Wesden, on Allan's court. Mr. Fish was formerly a native of Newport, but this is his first lengthy visit to this city in many years. He is in his ninetieth year, and enjoys life as well as the younger people. He has some old friends still left and they meet and recall many pleasing incidents of by-gone days, and while many hours away talking of memories of the past.

The will of the late Phillip S. Taggart was offered for probate on Monday. The greater part of the estate is left to his widow during her life, to revert to his two daughters at her death. A gift of $1000 to the American Baptist Missionary Union of Boston and a like amount to the American Baptist Home Union of New York are the only public bequests.

The new steamer for the Town of New Shoreham will be launched from McKie's shipyard, East Boston, this morning at 11:30. A number of the citizens of Block Island and others interested in the new vessel will attend the ceremony. The party will leave Providence at 10:02 this morning for Boston.

On Tuesday evening next the officers and many members of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, will visit Conanicut Council, No. 1147, Jamestown, where they will confer the degree on four candidates. Conanicut Council, with E. G. Littlefield as regent, is in a flourishing condition.

The farmers on the island are busy putting in early potatoes, when they have fair weather enough to work in. The ground is very full of water and many potatoes planted before these long rains will have to be planted over again.

Mrs. Timothy Peckham, who left the city last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Elijah Peckham at Greenwich, R. I., on Sunday last, has returned home.

Mr. George W. Tilley is enjoying his annual vacation.

Wedding Bells.

Williams-Packard.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Packard was the scene of a very pretty wedding Thursday evening when their daughter, Miss Fannie T. Packard, was united in marriage to Mr. Cyrus P. Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Williams, Rev. Charles F. Beattie, rector of the Zabriskie Memorial Church, performing the ceremony. At the appointed hour the bride entered the parlor on the arm of her father and was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. William McLean. The bride was prettily attired in a gown of white over white silk and carried a bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Etta T. Hazard, a cousin of the bride, who wore a costume of blue, carrying a bouquet of white pinks.

A reception and collation followed the ceremony and congratulations and best wishes were extended the newly wedded couple. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for a wedded trip, which will include Boston, New York and Buffalo and on their return they will take up their residence at 92 Warner street.

The gifts to the bride were numerous and useful.

Palmer-Sullivan.

The marriage of Miss Anna Frances Sullivan to Mr. Matthew Joseph Palmer took place at St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning and was witnessed by relatives and friends, Rev. Father Meenan performing the marriage. The bride was gowned in white and carried orchids. The bride's attendant was her sister, Miss Helen Z. Sullivan, who wore white organdie over pink. Mr. C. Donnan, of Providence, acted as best man.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Narragansett avenue, and it was followed by a reception. The newly wedded couple left in the afternoon for a wedding trip.

Buckley-Schneider.

Miss Margaret Gertrude Schneider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schneider, was united in matrimony to Mr. Daniel J. Buckley at St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Meenan tied the nuptial knot and celebrated the mass, which was witnessed by a large gathering of relatives and friends. The bride wore white with a veil, caught up with orange blossoms and was attended by her neice, Miss Decker, of New York. The best man was Mr. John Murphy and the ushers were Messrs. William H. Sullivan, Edward F. Sullivan, Patrick Reynolds and Joseph A. Schneider, a brother of the bride.

A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents on Fountain street and this was followed by a largely attended reception. The presents to the bride were very handsome.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckley left later in the day for a wedding trip.

Company F Association.

Sixteen of the members of Company F Association met in the armory of the Newport Artillery on Wednesday evening to observe the 40th anniversary of the departure of the company to the front at the outbreak of the civil war, and also to hold their annual business meeting. There were a number of invited guests present and letters of regret were read from Mayor Garrettson and others. Accompanying Mr. Garrettson's letter was a handsome basket of flowers, which was subsequently sent Comrade Robert D. Coggeshall, who is confined to his home by illness. During the evening there were addresses by several of the members and a history of the company was prepared and read by Mr. Charles H. Clarke.

Officers were elected as follows:
President—Overton G. Langley.
Vice President—Benjamin Easton.
Secretary and Treasurer—Charles H. Clarke.

Methodist Appointments.

The sessions of the Southern New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been completed and the appointments of ministers have been announced. There have been no changes made in the pastors of the local churches, both Rev. Mr. Chandler and Rev. Mr. Smith having been returned.

The appointments to churches in this vicinity were as follows:

Newport—First Church, T. E. Chandler; Thames Street, C. H. Smith; Swedish, supplied by A. Ostlund.
Middletown—A. W. Kingsley.
Portsmouth—W. H. Patten.
Little Compton—M. B. Wilson.
Fall River—Brayton, E. J. Ayres; First, W. I. Ward; North, W. F. Geisler; Quarry street, E. F. Studley; St. Paul's, M. S. Kaufman; Summerfield, O. E. Johnson.

Rev. J. H. MacDonald, formerly pastor of the Thames street M. E. Church in this city, has been transferred to the New England Conference.

Mr. Robert Coggeshall is seriously ill at his residence on Sherman street. Mr. Coggeshall is well advanced in years, being about 82 years of age.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Nathan H. Gould.

The following article on the death of Mrs. Emily J. Gould was printed in the San Antonio, Tex., Express of recent date. Mrs. Gould was the widow of the late Nathan H. Gould, formerly of this city. At one time the Gould family was one of the wealthiest and most prominent in Newport and will be remembered by all the older residents of Newport. The family removed from here to Texas about 25 years ago.

Mrs. Emily J. Gould, widow of the late Judge N. H. Gould, closed her long and useful earthly life at her residence on Laurel Heights, 126 West French Place, Monday morning, April 8, at twenty-two minutes of 9 o'clock, in her seventy-seventh year. Her death was the result of complications arising from a severe attack of la grippe. Her closing hours were soothed by the loving ministrations of her children, four of her grandchildren and by devoted friends. Two of her grandchildren are absent: Mr. Julian Onderdonk, who is attending the Art Students' League in New York City, and Mr. Russell Gould, who is a junior of the University of Georgia.

Mrs. Gould was born in Boston, Mass., September 28, 1824, but passed her girlhood, and until her marriage in 1845, in New York City. Her father, Isaiah Rogers, was the supervising architect of Bunker Hill Monument and of many of the public buildings of Boston and New York, including the Astor House, Merchant's Exchange, later the United States sub-treasury in New York, as well as numerous public buildings in various cities of the United States, among them being the Battle House in Mobile, the old St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, Pikes' Opera House, Burnett House and the court-house in Cincinnati, Ohio, State House in Columbus, Ohio, and many government buildings throughout the country while he was supervising architect of the United States Treasury Department, besides a large number of notable churches, business houses and private residences. Her maternal ancestry included a long line of patriots and warriors.

After her marriage to the late Judge N. H. Gould, which was solemnized in Trinity Church, Boston, by Rt. Rev. Montressor Eastburn, then Bishop of Massachusetts, she resided in Newport, Rhode Island until the close of 1876, when in company with her husband and her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Onderdonk, she joined her son, Mr. Stephen Gould, in San Antonio, Tex., of which city she has been a resident for the past twenty-five years.

Hers was, indeed, a busy life of untiring devotion and work in the faithful performance of her many duties as daughter, wife, mother, church woman and friend of the afflicted and distressed. She did her allotted work in life well and no appeal for aid and assistance was ever ignored by her. And after more than three quarters of a century of kind words, generous deeds and unselfish work, calmly content and filled with an undoubting faith, she gently fell asleep as a little child on her Father's breast.

Her funeral will be this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock from St. Mark's church. She will be buried in Alamo Masonic Cemetery by the side of her husband, to whom for nearly fifty years she was a loving and devoted wife. Dean Richardson will officiate.

George E. Speers.

George Elliott Speers died at the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Speers, on Summer street, last Saturday night after a brief illness. An operation for appendicitis was attempted some days previous to his death but it was found that the trouble was due to a ruptured blood vessel. The patient failed rapidly and passed away Saturday night.

He was in the 21st year of his age and was a young man of much promise. He had been in the employ of the Newport Illuminating Company for some time, and was quiet, industrious and anxious to learn the business. He had many friends, not only among the youths of his own age but among his older associates who had learned to respect his many good qualities. He was a man of excellent moral qualities, being a member of the United Congregational church and an active worker in church interests. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Philip and Andrew and of the C. C. N. U. Society of the church.

Funeral services were held at the United Congregational Church on Tuesday, Rev. F. Calvin McClelland officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Greene. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends, and many of his fellow employes at the Newport Illuminating Company. The floral tributes were numerous.

Michael Martin.

Mr. Michael Martin died suddenly Monday afternoon at his home on Holland street, in the fifty-third year of his age. He went to work as usual in the morning, but was taken ill and returned home. He rapidly grew worse and expired in a short time. The deceased had been in the employ of Mr. Galvin, the florist, for a number of years. His death came as a severe shock to his family and wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and his loss at St. Mary's Church will be especially felt, as he was much interested there and always took great interest in church matters. He leaves a widow and eight children.

The funeral took place Wednesday morning from St. Mary's Church and was largely attended. A solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Father Cronan, as celebrant; Rev. Father Meenan, as deacon, and Rev. Father Reddy, as sub-deacon.

The mass was sung by the sanctuary choir, assisted by Miss Annie Hayes and the Messrs. John J. Butler, John E. Leddy and Thomas Lyons. The bearers were Messrs. W. J. Galvin, James Collins, James Conheeney, J. J. Kelly, Patrick Fury, Michael Curley, Owen Greelish and Thomas Ryan.

Miss Mary Caroline Crosby.

Miss Mary Caroline Crosby died at her home on William street Monday. On Sunday while preparing to go to church she was taken suddenly ill and rapidly grew worse, failing to rally. She was the daughter of the late John H. and Virtue C. Crosby and leaves three brothers, John H. Crosby, A. G. Crosby and Thomas Crosby, and two sisters, Mrs. Julia A. Anthony and Mrs. Michael Eddy.

Her funeral took place from her late residence on William street Wednesday afternoon and was attended by relatives and friends. Rev. Henry Morgan Stone officiated.

George L. Lloyd.

George L. Lloyd, a naval veteran of the civil war and a well known personage on the street, died at his home on Arch court on Friday night of last week. For many years the patrons of the Jamestown Ferry, summer visitors and permanent residents, had been accustomed to seeing him about the Newport end of the ferry where he kept a little shop for the sale of a few articles. He was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and the funeral services on Monday were under the auspices of the Post.

Mrs. Margaret McDonnell.

Mrs. Margaret McDonnell, widow of James McDonnell, died at her home on Golden Hill street Tuesday night in the fifty-fifth year of her age of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days' duration. The deceased was well known throughout the city and was a member of St. Mary's parish. She leaves six children, four daughters and two sons.

Steamer Awashonks, which in the summer months plies between Providence and Tiverton, was turned to the water line at her dock in Tiverton at 2 o'clock last Saturday morning. The vessel is a total loss. The valuation was about $30,000 and the insurance $18,000. The vessel was built in Maine in 1898 and was of 165 tons gross. She carried a 200 horse power boiler.

The Naval Reserves held a very enjoyable social in their armory on Monday evening, which was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Harry K. Howard orchestra furnished the music and Mr. Joseph S. Nuss prompted.

The Septimus Club gave a dance in Odd Fellows hall on Wednesday evening of last week. A goodly number were present and a merry party it was. It proved not only a success financially but socially as well.

Miss Kitty Coggeshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David M. Coggeshall, who has been suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, is slowly improving.

The engagement of Miss Anne Urquhart Potter, only daughter of Mr. James Brown Potter, to Mr. James Stillman, of New York, has been formally announced.

Hon. Thomas B. Stockwell, state commissioner of schools, has issued a pamphlet containing some suggestions for Arbor Day observances.

Last Sunday another attempt to improve the Thames street pavement by patching the holes with concrete was made.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt have arrived in Paris from Monte Carlo and are at Hotel Ritz.

Miss Elizabeth Murphy spent her Easter vacation with friends in New York.

Mrs. James R. Crowley and son have returned from a visit to New York state.

Mrs. Coudray has been spending a few days in New York the past week.

Miss Bertha Nunes, of New York, was a visitor in the city the past week.

Dr. Robert N. Smith, of Appponaug, R. I., was in town Wednesday.

Middletown.

The Town Council and Court of Probate held its regular monthly meeting at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon. The members were all present and were sworn by the Town Clerk for another municipal year.

IN COURT OF PROBATE. Kate Bailey, Guardian of Walter P. Bailey, presented a release from said Walter now come to full age, and prayed to have the same entered of record, which petition was granted. On petition of Jane Albro, J. Truman Burdick was appointed custodian of the estate of William Albro and authorized to sell so much thereof as is liable to depreciate and waste.

The petition of Jane Albro to have J. Truman Burdick appointed administrator on the estate of William Albro was referred to the third Monday of May and notice ordered thereon.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid.

George E. Ward, services as Health Officer, $50.

Stephen B. Congdon, services as Assessor, $20.

T. T. Pitman, printing ballots, $3.25.

Lewis R. Manchester, setting glass in Town Hall, $1.

Accounts for the relief of the poor, $39.50.

The annual report of George E. Ward, Health Officer, was received and ordered on file.

A list of persons qualified to serve as jurors was made out and the highways were assigned to four Surveyors and directions given in detail concerning the care and repair of the same. $250 was apportioned to each Surveyor.

The following town officers were appointed:

Surveyors of Highways, District No. 1, John H. Spooner. No. 2, C. Henry Congdon. No 3, James H. Barker. No. 4, Charles A. Peckham.

Town Sealer—John H. Spooner.

Pound Keeper—Benjamin Caswell.

Weighers of Neat Cattle—George R. Chase, Benjamin Howland.

Public Weighers—Charles C. White, Dennis J. Murphy, Edward J. Peckham and Arthur L. Peckham.

Appraisers of Damages done by Dogs—James R. Chase, Charles H. Ward and Lewis R. Manchester.

Inspector of Petroleum, etc.—Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

Commissioner of Wrecks—Herman F. Peckham.

Police Constable—Harvey F. Copeland.

Special Constables—Elisha A. Peckham, Benjamin Caswell, Charles C. White and Cornelius Sullivan.

Special Bird Constable—Benjamin Howland.

Special Tramp Constables—John D. Blair, Elisha A. Peckham, Benjamin Caswell, Charles C. White and Cornelius Sullivan.

Special Liquor Constable—George E. Ward.

Truant Officer—Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr.

Health Officer—George E. Ward.

Officer for Burial of Indigent Soldiers and Sailors—Charles Peckham.

MIDDLETOWN FREE LIBRARY.—A meeting of the Middletown Free Library Association was held at the Oliphant school-house on Wednesday evening, when an offer was presented from Mr. William E. Bailey and Josephine I. Bailey of Morristown, New Jersey, to donate $2500.00 to the Association, for the erection of a library building, the same to be a memorial to their father, the late Joseph I. Bailey, a native of Middletown and in his early life a resident therein. It was voted to accept of the offer, acknowledgment was made of the generous gift and a Committee consisting of George Coggeshall, Kate Bailey and Henry M. Wilson was appointed to ascertain where a site can be obtained and on what terms. The gift of Mr. and Miss Bailey comes at a very opportune time to meet the exigencies of the case. For a full year efforts had been made to secure a building fund and scarcely $800.00 had been raised. Ernest appeals had been made to the well to do and wealthy people of Middletown for contributions, but with little effect. The responses in many instances were unfavorable and the contributions meagre.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Frederic S. Grand D'Hauteville has rented his villa on the westerly side of Bellevue avenue to Richard Mortimer of New York for the season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Dr. N. R. Stanton and Mrs. Hudson, the house at No. 186 Bellevue Avenue to John Kazanjian.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Bedros Kazanjian the two stores, No. 8 and 10, on DeBlois street, to Elbert N. Jennings.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to Mary Frances Cottrell, the so-called "Doctor Smith Estate" next to the Channing Memorial Church and fronting on Pelham street, Touro Park, with large residence and 16,769 square feet of land for the heirs to said estate.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Thomas Preece and John Preece, their farm of 80 acres with dwelling house, situated on the Westport Point road, between Fall River and New Bedford, to Napoleon Deschamps.

The annual meeting of the Newport Artillery Company will occur on Tuesday evening, April 30. Previous to the meeting the annual dinner will take place, and it is understood that this will be a more than usually entertaining occasion.

Mrs. E. P. Gosling has returned home after a two months' visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Westall, at Daytona, Florida, and feels much benefited by her trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William O'Neill, of New Bedford, spent Sunday with relatives in this city.

A still alarm was rung in Tuesday afternoon calling the emergency company to a chimney fire on Ann street.

LOSE THE LINES

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

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CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun striking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there. She was dressed as for the street, but her hair was loose and fell about her shoulders in gleaming, golden masses. Even in the trying light upon it her face was beautiful. Perfectly oval, it possessed a combination of dark shadings rarely found in blonde types, and the even brows were as delicate as though penciled by an artist. Upon her cheeks lay long, dark lashes. Sleeping, she seemed scarcely more than a girl in age, the few lines upon her face fading out of prominence; and yet there was a womanliness in her trim, settled figure that told of years not otherwise to be suspected.

The bell of a tower clock near at hand rang out loudly the hour. The sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full consciousness returned, bounded from the bed to the floor. In the quick look she gave to her surroundings terror was apparent. A moment later she had pulled the bell-cord and was waiting, her watch in hand, by the door. A negro servant knocked and was admitted. She did not notice his old-fashioned and courteous salute.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agitation.

"We call t'ree times, ma'am—t'ree times; an' you say 'all right' ev'y time, ma'am."

"I answered?"

"Yes, ma'am. An' we t'ink, ma'am, mebby you done change yo' min'." Something like despair came to her face.

"The time now?"

"Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clock dess struck, ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis cyard, ma'am, an' say—" The gentleman in question passed the speaker, stepping across the threshold.

"You may go," he said, curtly, and waited until the old servant had retired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman: "And now, madam, what does this mean?"

"Raymond!"

"Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face, she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence. In the presence of this pantomime, the man's face lost its cynicism and sternness. He was unmistakably astonished. "Well," he said, at length, "what is it?"

"You here!" the exclamation was but a whisper. "I thought—"

"Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? I was not in the city yesterday, nor last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed—that you come to this city—that you follow me up in public!—Name of Heaven, woman, what is the matter with you?"

"Not in the city last night! Not in the city! Then—then—" She caught a chair. "Oh, I am ill—ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is some—mistake!" she whispered. "Some awful—mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way at the same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its violence. He stooped impatiently, broke her clasp with a violent effort, and half pushed, half lifted her into the chair. Burying her face in her hands, she gave way to violent weeping while he stood by.

The man was of medium height and fine figure, his faultless dress and his every motion revealing the fashionable world. His face might have been handsome at one time, but something had fled from it, and something had come to it since then. That which had come men usually call the marks of dissipation; that which had fled they had no name for.

He might have been genuinely indignant or playing a part, but he gazed sternly a few moments only upon the agitated woman, his black eyes gleaming wickedly; then, with a sneer and slight gesture of dismissal, turned away. Taking from his pocket a case, he proceeded calmly to select and light a cigarette, and walking unconcernedly to the fireplace, tossed his match into it. Standing with his back towards her, he busied himself with a hunting scene above the mantel. And thus, presently, the woman, ceasing to cry, found him. She clasped her hands upon her chair-arm convulsively and lifted her head.

With a few rapid motions she twisted the fallen hair into position and arose to her feet.

"When you have finished with the picture," she said, "listen to me." Startled, he whirled and faced her. Her figure was now erect and head lifted. The tenderness was gone from her eyes. Wide open, they seemed to measure and threaten him. He came slowly forward, the sneer upon his face.

"You gave me your promise to remain in London until I returned," he said, "and you have broken it."

"And you! you told me that you were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediately. You had no idea of returning. You intended to desert me. You lied! Where is my child, sir?" The man's face flushed and grew deathly pale. He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. "It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a coward—and I was not. Look to yourself!" She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him. "I found this after your departure; it is from your mother." His assumed indifference vanished. Furious, he snatched the letter from her and raised his arm.

"Wretch!"

"Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are dealing with a desperate woman. You are welcome to your letter. I know it by heart. In it I am called by a vile name—and you are told that a bride and fortune await you at home. You came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated himself.

"There is no need to deny it now," he said. "Sit down, Louise." She waited a moment, and, moving a chair a few feet away, seated herself, facing him.

"We have both made mistakes," he said, coolly, preparing to light another cigarette, "and I am willing to admit that in all the matters between us I have been equally to blame, but," he added between puffs, as he smoked, "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time

FURIOUS HE SNATCHED THE LETTER FROM HER.

to end it has come." She made no reply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his. "You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My little property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second marriage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact—"

"You have known this all along—?"

"Yes; and while the child was growing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I settle it?"

"I see!"

"You are practical enough to understand that I am helpless. If I should refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little Nanon."

The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself.

"Where is she?"

He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length:

"I have her in good hands." Their eyes met.

"And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to your plans?" Again he was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh.

"You told me that you—to try and get—your mother interested—in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that."

"Well?"

"I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and," he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it."

"Inhuman wretch!" The exclamation was little more than a gasp.

"From your standpoint—yes."

"Ah," she whispered, "the infamy! the infamy of it!" She hesitated a moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said, returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her excitement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?" He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle sir. The settlement! the settlement!"

"I propose to marry my mother's stepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts me as her husband on or before her twenty-first birthday. From this money I propose to provide liberally for you and your child, with the understanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over to see you occasionally, Louise—after all, you are the only woman I ever cared for. This lily bride awaiting me is out of my class entirely—high-flown, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman, Louise."

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place it beyond your power to marry me, as you have promised during all these years—you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling.

"She need never know—no one need know. And where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the servants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you anything—nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her bridegroom, and you—would lose your child."

"That is all?" she asked—"there is nothing more?"

"Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will you favor me with a cigarette?"

He laughed, evidently relieved. "Why, certainly! Getting into your old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, light up and be sensible. You know what I think of you. All will work out right, and, as the stories say, 'we may be happy yet.'"

She lit her cigarette by his, and, leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips.

"There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length.

"Yes? What is that?"

"You—do not leave—the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman."

"I do not understand."

"You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette. "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!"

"If I live!"

"If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you! I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake—and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!"

"Are you insane?" he cried, rising, angry and amazed.

"Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you." Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife—or a murderess. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair.

"Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and then in awe he said: "Insane!" She made no resistance. A tide of memories had swept over the new issues.

"No," she moaned, "not yet. Would to God I were! You do not believe me Raymond. Listen. I found out where you were stopping in the city. I found the street and number. I had determined to go in and bring the horrid uncertainty to an end, for you had not answered my letter—you had not come!"

"But you did not go in!" he said, terrified. "Surely, you did not—"

"No. I walked by again and again. I went around to the side street and looked into the garden; but I said: 'I will see him first; Raymond cannot mean to be so base!' Still you did not come. Will you believe it, I went back at night, hoping to see you? I could not stay here alone in this room—I slipped out! Two men entered that gate, and one of them I would have sworn was you. I followed and saw them enter the wing room. While I waited there, wondering if you would appear again—it was but a few minutes, I think—one of the men came from the wing-room, passed me, and, going out, locked the gate. I was a prisoner for the fence was tall with spikes of iron. Then I went and stood under the window, thinking the room was yours and I might attract your attention; and I heard your voice and a woman's in there—"

"It is a lie—a lie! the room belongs to Frances. I was not in the city."

"Frances? Who is Frances? But no matter, they were there all night; and I, crazed and abandoned, wept and raged outside."

"You are simply daft, Louise; you don't know what you are saying."

"They were there, I tell you. Once a match was struck, and I could hear a woman pleading; and—there I was, lying upon the ground, the window just out of my reach. Then I found myself climbing the ivy and clinging to the shutters; and I saw you sitting there, this woman with curly golden hair kneeling in her night dress before you, her hand upon your shoulder, saying good-by to her lover while she held a lighted match above his face—"

"Louise, this is unbearable!" Holbin was beside himself.

"I thrust your pistol between the shutters, took aim at you and fired; my aim was true; the man fell forward into the darkness, and I back upon the wet grass. Look! See the stains of the crushed ivy! see the soil upon the gown! see the blistered hands! look at your pistol! The hammer is upon an empty shell! I got up and ran for the gate, but a man was entering and his carriage stood opposite. Crouching in the shrubbery, I saw him come back"—her voice sank to a whisper—"with a dead man in his arms. I got here—how, I do not know—and locked myself in. When you came I thought it was your spirit. What will they do with me? Will they look me in gaol? Will they hang me? Why don't you speak to me, Raymond? Why do you look at me that way? Raymond! Raymond!—I did not know what I was doing! I was insane, jealous! I had lost my child—oh, they ought to know that, Raymond, before they judge me too harshly. Raymond, Raymond, answer me—answer!" He mastered his emotion by a powerful effort.

"You have had your revenge!" he said, hoarsely, his lips parting in a soundless laugh. "The shot went to the mark!" He sank in his chair by the table and gazed helplessly upon her agitated face, his thoughts elsewhere.

"But I do not understand," she said. "My revenge, if you were not the man—"

"Why, it is incredible!" he cried, angrily. "Give me the key! the key! the key! Quick! the clock is striking ten—the key!"

"You will not give me up, Raymond—the mother of your child!—you will not—"

"Ah—no, no, Louise. You are safe while I live. Quick! the key!" She gave it to him, and, passing out, he said, sternly: "Stay here! Don't let your face be seen outside this door. Change your dress, remove every stain upon it, and be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. Courage! I will save you if I can." As he stepped into the hallway he muttered to himself: "Now for the will! Long live the nightmare! and yet—" He added, pausing in doubt: "Suppose it were true?" He unbreached the pistol. "One cartridge is gone! the muzzle stains my finger! Louise! Louise—" He turned, locked the door and vanished.

"The woman in 28," he said to the clerk, "has escaped from an asylum. Keep a watch in her hall until I return, and let no one enter."

"We thought so," said the functionary behind the desk.

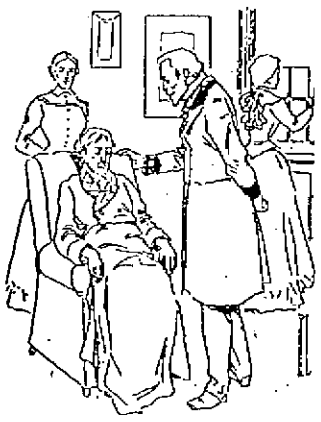
CHAPTER V.

Facing the sun on the same morning which broke through the lengthened slumbers of Louise in the Richmond hotel, an old man sat in an invalid chair. Everything that wealth could provide for his comfort, everything demanded by convention, surrounded him. No one would ever say, looking in upon the appointments of his house, that the sick man lacked anything that loving sympathy and tender solicitude could suggest. The deep velvet carpet gave back no sound under the feet of those who moved around him; curtains of damask and lace softened the too direct rays of light which entered the long windows across the balcony; bits of landscape and color relieved the wide expanse of wall; and flowers lent freshness and fragrance to the soft spring air sparingly admitted.

The old man was haggard from loss of rest and from apprehension. His once florid face was pallid and the cheeks sunken. His eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. One need not have been a skilled physician to have detected the fact that death's seal was upon that pale face and shrunken frame. The tiny spark of life might glimmer in its socket for days, weeks, even months; it would never again send up a clear and steady blaze.

Within the same room several people had gathered, controlled by varied sentiments. Dr. Brednar was there, his massive frame bent above the sick man, his eyes everywhere. Pulse, respiration, temperature, were patiently ascertained, and with unsatisfactory results, evidently, for the doctor's face was a tell-tale. Once or twice his eyes rested upon a tall woman in black who moved slowly about the invalid, touching his hands and forehead, admonishing him gently, and keeping watch upon the physician's actions with a singular intentness.

This woman was of marked personality. Her iron-gray hair was brushed back smoothly from a broad, low forehead, her black eyes were well sunk under dark brows and lashes, but flashed indolently from time to time when she was speak-



"I AM AT LOSS, MADAM, TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS LACK OF IMPROVEMENT."

ing. The small, straight, relentless mouth and aquiline nose gave a note of severity to her face. Her charm, it is likely, had existed in the contour and coloring of that face, and in a certain easy self-reliance, or consciousness of power. Just now her face was inscrutably placid. She spoke only in tones so low as to be audible but a short distance.

Across the room a girl stood looking idly, dreamily, from a casement window into the trees. She was slender, with a mass of reddish, golden curls gathered back and fallen over her shoulders. The profile revealed birth and refinement, and suggested nobility, high purpose and innate purity. There was a wistful tenderness about her mouth and a soft radiance in her blue-gray eyes when from time to time she turned towards the group gathered about the sick man.

"I am at a loss, madam," the doctor was saying, "to account for his lack of improvement. There seems to be nothing organically wrong, and yet the nerve centers are totally inactive." He picked up several medicine bottles and examined them, testing their contents by smell and sight. The tall woman's eyes met his.

"He passed a restless night," she said, laying her hands upon the sick man's

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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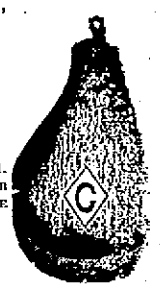

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"Having been reared in a large family, and my father being a physician, I have had a number of experiences, and perhaps some of them may be useful to mothers with young children. One simple medicinal remedy that my father set great store to was borax. He had my mother keep a solution of salt water and borax constantly on hand, and if the slightest irritation or sore throat developed among us he had us gargle three times a day, and lave our mouths and tonsils freely. He thought our good health and freedom from fevers and contagious diseases was owing to the use of borax. In the case of a burn he had us wet cloths dipped into a strong solution of borax water, and was very careful to exclude the air in putting them off and on. It is very cooling and healing, and a child does not rebel so much against it as with other remedies. One very great thing in its favor in using it among children, it is so harmless, while other gargles, with carbolic acid and such, are often taken by mistake, and cause great distress. I often think if every young mother only knew the virtues of borax she would be thankful, and, having once adopted it, would never give it up. As a disinfectant it is excellent. One should keep it on the kitchen shelf. If you awaken in the night coughing and cannot stop, get a small portion of powdered borax and place on your tongue, and let it slowly dissolve, and it will almost instantly stop the cough, as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat.

"There are a few simple remedies that are invaluable. Witch hazel is one of them. I know nothing so helpful to a tired brain as to bathe the eyes and forehead and apply a cloth wet with it at the back of the neck. It will soothe and restore you like magic.

"In emergencies such things are harmless, and yet wonderfully healing. In case of sudden pains in the lungs or side from cold I think mustard is about the best medicine. It burns quickly, and gets you warmed up, and relieves the terrible pain. I keep mustard leaves, borax and witch hazel where I can lay my hands upon them in a minute in the darkest night. I have been with young mothers on several occasions, where they were helpless and knew nothing whatever of medicinal remedies, and my sympathy for them and the little sufferer was aroused, and it made me learn what was helpful."

REPORTS UPON THE INSANE.

Managers of Eastern Asylums Agree That Lunacy Is on the Increase.

For a few years reports of managers of asylums for the insane have generally agreed that insanity is on the increase in this country, the feverish character of life being assigned as a potent cause, says the New York Evening Post. Only occasionally has it been suggested that the conclusions as to the increase were wrong and that the larger number of insane found in public institutions indicated a more general resort to such institutions rather than an increase in the ratio of insane to population. Some support for this theory is found in a recent announcement by the Indiana board of state charities. The board thinks it "safe to say that insanity is not increasing proportionately in Indiana. Possibly, could we sift the poor-asylum population and verify our figures, we should find that a less proportionate number of our population is insane than was the case 20 years ago."

From the most reliable statistics obtainable it is learned that the ratio of insane to the population in Indiana in 1880 was one in 565. No figures for 1890 are available, but in 1892 the ratio was stated to be approximately one to 500. In 1898 the ratio based upon the population estimated by the bureau of statistics was thought to be one to 675. Taking the number that year (4,300) and using the population of 1900, the ratio would be one to 585. Using the figures tabulated in the office of the board, the ratio would be, according to the census of 1900, one to 555. As explaining how lists of the insane are sometimes unduly swelled, the board says that feeble-minded or epileptic persons and those in a senile condition are often classified as insane, particularly by almshouse managers.

Buying a Chafing-Dish.

In selecting a chafing dish be sure that the water pan has wooden side handles. Never use wood alcohol, for it is no cheaper than the pure article. It sells for less, but it evaporates much more rapidly, which makes up the difference in cost, and its odor is exceedingly disagreeable. It is not necessary to have an elaborate outfit of utensils; but a graduated measure or two, three or four wooden-handled spoons and forks sold for the purpose should be supplied. If economy is not in the question, a flagon, for holding the alcohol and filling the lamp, is a convenience; a toaster for bread and other new items which dealers try to persuade the unknowing are necessary are all very handy.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

Currant Pudding.

Make a rich biscuit dough and roll a sheet out one-half inch thick. Cover it everywhere with a layer of currants well looked over and sweetened. Roll up with a long roll and steam three hours. Serve with a sauce made of currant juice, sweetened and thickened with cornstarch. Raspberries and blackberries may be used in the same way, and, served with sweetened cream, make delicious desserts.—Ladies' World, New York.

A Weak Kind of Force.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.—Chicago Daily News.

STRANGE FORMS OF SEA LIFE.

Live in Schools and Are Armed with Bristles — Hitherto Unknown Species Brought to Surface.

What is believed to be a hitherto unknown species of the spoon-worm has been pumped up from the depths of Elliott bay by the dredger in operation near the Centennial mill. Specimens which have been submitted to Prof. Trevor Kincaid, of the university, are pronounced by him to be different from any species previously found in Puget sound, but somewhat similar to an Alaskan form of sea life, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The animal found in the bay is of nondescript appearance. It resembles an oblong transparent rubber bag filled with water and varies from three to five inches in length. It is about as thick, generally, as a man's thumb. At each end are several circles of sharp bristles, colored like brass and seemingly as hard. These are believed to be its defensive weapons. The bristles at one end are stronger and more numerous than at the other. Other species have the bristles only at one end.

These peculiar animals were first brought to the surface about two weeks ago by the dredger of the Seattle & Lake Washington Waterway Co. They were sucked up by the pumps from a depth of from 30 to 35 feet and carried through the discharge pipes to the point where the filling is being made. There they were found by members of the dredger's crew, whose curiosity was aroused by the appearance of the worms. A number were collected and given to the officers of the company.

Capt. W. E. Roberts, of the dredger, stated that the species was found in schools. He believes that they live on rocks and every time they have been pumped up so far they have been accompanied by pieces of stone and coal, which had been dumped into the bay from ships discharging their ballast.

"We find none for several days," he said, "and then they come in a bunch. They appear to be able to travel on any side and wriggle along like a common earth worm. As far as I can learn it is not exactly known whether they live upon the surface of the sea bottom or beneath it. We always find them submerged and I believe they will die if kept out of their natural element very long. They live on smaller worms and marine vegetation. I should judge that they do not have much vitality, although they cut some queer antics when out of the water."

Foreman Jones, who oversees the work at the mouth of the discharge pipe, says the worms are called sea cucumbers and that they are very common. He declares that he has often found some as long as 20 inches close to the beach when the tide was out and that their mode of travel is exactly like that of a snake. At one end, he says, they have large suckers, by means of which they capture smaller forms of life. It is believed by others that Mr. Jones has confounded the species with some other.

A specimen of the worm sent to the Post-Intelligencer was submitted for examination to Prof. Kincaid, of the zoological chair at the state university. The specimen had been kept overnight in an empty cigar box and when examined was found to have exploded, only a fragment of dried skin remaining. Prof. Kincaid pronounced it a species of echiurus, one of the spoon worms, or sipunculoidea. The latter he said, were allied to the earthworm. There is a large difference between them, however, as the sea species does not have his body divided into compartments. Prof. Kincaid states that the specimen submitted to him for examination is unlike any species so far recorded from Puget sound. They resemble an Alaskan form, differing from the latter in the possession of bristles at both ends instead of only at one extremity.

DIDN'T CALL HER "WIFE."

A Superior Woman Who Had Her Husband Well Trained Learns Something New.

"I always hate," said the lady who was twirling her gold-bowed glasses, "to hear a man refer to the lady whom he has wooed and won as 'my wife.' The man who says 'my wife did this,' or 'my wife has gone there,' or 'my wife likes so and so,' has not a proper realization of the lady's importance or the position she should occupy in his household. 'My wife,' indeed. Pouf! In the next breath he speaks of 'my horse' or 'my dog.' I'd like to have such a man for a husband a little while. I think I could teach him a few lessons that would be good for him. When a man has occasion to refer to the lady who lowered herself by accepting his ring at the altar he should speak of her as 'Mrs. Smith' or 'Mrs. Jones,' as the case may be. I'd like to hear my husband mention me as his wife! I think he would limit himself to just that once!"

"And yet," said the little lady with the soft hazel eyes and the rather timid manner, "it seems to me that a man might do worse than speak of her as 'his wife.' When your husband was over at our house night before last, Mrs. Frithington, he and my husband payed parlor golf, and I happened to be in an adjoining room for a few minutes, where I could overhear their conversation. I thought it sounded awfully nice when Henry spoke of me as 'his wife.' It just made my heart leap every time I heard the words come from his lips."

"Well, of course, some women are so constituted that they prefer to be regarded as inferior beings, and where a case of that kind exists it may be just as well that the husband does take it for granted that he is her proprietor. But you didn't hear John Frithington refer to me as 'his wife,' I'll venture. I think I have succeeded in teaching him to know his place a little too well for that."

"No; when he spoke of you he merely called you 'the old girl.'"

Some of John Frithington's friends seem to think that his wild, hunted look is of late more in evidence than usual.

Love Across the Lines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

forehead. "There was considerable confusion in the city, and some one just before daylight fired a pistol near the house. This gave him a fearful shock."

"There is much excitement in Richmond over the secession movement," said Brodnar, "and the police are far too few for these times. What have you given him during the night?"

"I want my daughter to be present," said the sick man, fretfully; "I want her to hear the will read before I sign it, doctor."

"I am here, papa," said the girl, coming slowly forward and standing quietly near him. He looked into her face long and intently, his own softening.

"I would suggest," said the doctor, rising and addressing the elder woman, "that we leave them alone for a few moments; he seems a trifle brighter just now." She fixed her black eyes upon him steadily, and a slight smile moved the hard lines of her mouth.

"It would not do. Frances is excitable, and excitement is contagious."

"But I am sure, madam—!"

"It is useless, sir. He relies upon me, and is nervous if I leave him for even a minute." Her white hand fell in rhythmic monotony upon the invalid's forehead. Presently he reached up impatiently and pushed it away; but, waiting a moment, she resumed her caressings, and he made no further resistance.

"I want my daughter to hear it read," he said, querulously, reverting to a thought unspoken.

"Oh, I would not let her do that, sir," said Brodnar. "You will not permit that, madam!"

"She shall hear it," said the woman. "It pleases him; and he has a good object in it, I am sure."

A professional man who had been writing at a side table now came forward and read the dying man's will, a notary standing near. The latter exchanged glances with Brodnar and looked away, a half smile upon his lips. The document, after the usual recitations and the naming of numerous small legacies for family servants and others, proceeded as follows:

"And the residue of my property, my wife, Annette, having been amply provided for by deed of gift during my life, I bequeath to my daughter, Frances Brookin, upon condition that she **shall, on or before attaining the age of 21 years, accept as her lawful husband Raymond Holbin, who has asked her hand of me, my object being to provide for the future of a wayward girl by giving her a guardian who is in all respects a gentleman and worthy of every confidence. But if my said daughter, Frances, fails or declines to marry the said Raymond Holbin within the limit of her minority, or immediately after attaining her majority, then I will and declare that all the property named and described as the residue of my estate, after legacies specified have been paid, shall vest in my wife Annette, the said Frances to become a charge upon my estate during her life for sustenance and clothing only, unless it happens that she enters into a marriage contract with some one other than the said Raymond Holbin, in which event the charge shall cease and the estate be acquitted of all demands from her, her heirs or assigns."**

Absolute silence followed the reading of the document, except that an exclamation, half an oath, half a groan, burst from the doctor's lips. He strode to the table and picked up his hat, but paused when his gaze fell upon the figure of the slender girl. She stood erect, proudly looking at the group, her calm white face outlined against the damask curtains as the face of a statue. He laid his hat on the table, and, moving a little nearer to her, waited. The sick man grasped the pen with feverish energy and signed, the witnesses immediately attesting. The tall, grave woman took the legal instrument and applied a blotter. Then, folding it, she placed it in her bosom. To the lawyer's embarrassed protest she said:

"I am the executrix of this will, and I prefer to be its custodian. That is your desire, dear, is it not—you wish to keep the will here in the house?" The exhausted invalid nodded feebly. At this moment the door opened and Raymond entered the room. The elder woman, with an angry flush upon her face, walked rapidly towards him, and the lawyer passed out with the notary.

"Fool!" she whispered, "you endanger it all!" She drew him into a bay window, where they began an animated discussion. Brodnar had but one free moment but in that moment he acted. The girl had been left standing by her father's side. She alone caught the sentence whispered to her by the physician; her eyes followed him as he walked slowly away and then returned to rest upon the sick man. Gazing into his wan face, all her tenderness came back. Suddenly she sank by his side and clasped her hands upon his knees.

"Father!" she said, gently, "one word! Will you let me speak now? We may be parting for all eternity." He opened his eyes and looked steadily upon her.

"It is for eternity," he said. And then, somehow, his hand found her head and rested there gently. "You are proud, Frances, and hurt, but the time will come when you will know that—I have acted for the best—"

"Oh, you think so," she said, shaking with half-suppressed emotion and hiding her face. "I know you think so. But—"

"Listen, Frances! You have a cousin whose name has long since ceased to be spoken in my family. She was proud—and wayward—and headstrong, too. You are very like her as she was—when her father's will made her my ward—as she was when she passed—away—"

"She is dead?"

"Yes, to us!" he waited for breath and strength to proceed. "A husband—would have saved her. She had a right under the will—to choose—her residence. A foolish aunt received her. She followed her own fancy!"

"I would not talk of it, father. It excites you."

"I must! She was always—heedless—of advice—self willed—jealous—And then she—disappeared — leaving — a note—and disgrace! I let her go. She is dead to me!" After a pause he continued: "I have seen you drifting away—Frances! disobedient—unloving—I would save you—if I could. Weep no more—I have forgiven; I have forgiven—!" The girl lifted her face quickly, indignant and agonized.

"You have been deceived, father; oh, so basely deceived. I am not wayward—I have never yet disobeyed you. If you had permitted I should have been with you night and day."

"If I had permitted!"

"Yes. It was you, they told me," she brokenly said—"it was you who sent me among strangers to school—you wished me never to come into your room—"

"Frances!"

"It is too late now," she said in anguish, "but I cannot part from you without telling you the truth. I love you, father. I would have been your dear daughter if you had not put it beyond my power."

"Child! What is it you are saying?"

"Do you not understand, father?" she said, passionately, "do you not know that that woman has for years deprived you of your independence—of your freedom? Now she has taken your property! Can't you see it? You have been robbed of everything—and I—! Oh, she has preyed upon your holiest feelings; she has turned you against your own child—the child to whose mother you promised to guard and guide!"

He raised himself in his chair. A look of fright was upon his face.

"See!" she cried, "there is the woman with her son dividing your property before you are dead. Oh, they think I am harmless, now; I am not to be feared! the die is cast, the will is signed, and you, father, have betrayed your only child into the hands of her bitterest enemy."

He was speechless and pale. His dull eyes were fixed on the girl's.

"But no," he said faintly, "this cannot be, it cannot be! My child, you are wronging a good woman—and Raymond—he has been very kind, so very kind!"

"You are blinded, father; you are unsuspecting. Tell me, have they ever said that for months I have been eager to be with you; that?"

"You, Frances! Why, you refused over and over—" She sank her head upon her chair.

"And you believed that of me? It was untrue—a cruel, cruel invention."

Mother and son caught the sound of her agitated voice and would have come over from the bay window, but Dr. Brodnar, drawing the sofa around as though to sit with them, stood with his hand resting upon it, completely blocking their way.

"To-day and to-night," he said, "he must have absolute quiet. Continue the powders I have left, and see that he does not attempt, under any circumstances, to walk about the room." He continued rapidly to give directions concerning the treatment of the patient, and disregarded the woman's efforts to pass him. Frances lowered her voice and continued earnestly:

"You do not believe me, father, you do not realize what you have done. You do not know the man to whom you have consigned me, nor the woman to whom you gave your name years ago. You knew nothing then! You know nothing now! You took her from Washington because she fascinated you as she had fascinated all those other men. You believed in her, because she knew intimately the great politicians. She was smart, too smart for an honest, honorable Virginia gentleman. Oh, my eyes have been opened to-day; the son is worthy of his mother. I do not know who Louise is, but a friend has just told me to say to you this: 'Ask Raymond Holbin what he has done with Louise; for he is the man who betrayed her by a mock marriage and took her abroad.'"

Motionless, but with straining eyes, the old man sat gazing at his daughter.

"Who—told you—that?" he gasped. She made no reply, a sudden anxiety for him banishing every other emotion. With a mighty effort, and before she could prevent him, he arose and staggered forward. The group dissolved and hurried towards him. Disregarding the physician and the woman, he leaned forward, and thrusting his face near to Holbin said with frantic energy:

"Sir, where is my niece? Where is Louise?" Holbin drew back. "Speak, you coward!" Holbin did not reply, but stood with eyes cast down, his face as pale almost as that which challenged him. The old man tore at his throat and gasped in a mighty struggle for breath. "My will!—my will!" he cried, moving feebly towards his wife. She retreated, keeping just beyond his hand. "Give—me—back—the—ah—!" A look of unutterable horror rose to his face; he wavered, plunged forward, and would have fallen, but Brodnar took him in his arms and laid him on the floor. For a moment not a sound broke the silence of the room.

"Who—will—protect—my daughter?" he whispered. Frances, his hand in hers, knelt in agony by his side.

"Have no fear of me, my father; God has raised up a defender!" Hearing this, Brodnar suddenly thrust back the group, leaving the girl alone with the dying man, to whom she whispered earnestly and rapidly. As he lay looking into her face a new light came for a brief moment to his and vanished. Brodnar, kneeling, placed his ear above the motionless heart. The moments passed.

"Dead!" he said at length, and arose. Raymond Holbin had paused at the door. He turned and exchanged glances with his mother and passed out.

Frances lay with her face upon the dead man's breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, April 20, 1901.

Recruiting the new regiments for the regular army progresses rapidly and the quality of the men accepted is said to be excellent.

The Massachusetts Democrats have launched the boom for Richard Olney for President in 1904. They have got an up hill job on their hands.

The great "frauds perpetrated by high officials" in Manila turn out to be only petty stealing of commissary stores by a few petty officers and enlisted men.

The Boston horse show is pronounced a great success but it is a safe assertion that the Newport Horse Show will excel it in many respects, even without "Charley" Bates for the central figure.

Yesterday was Patriot's Day in Massachusetts, the anniversary of the battle at Concord. Massachusetts has been the scene of so many historic events that her many holidays are a trifle confusing to the mind of a resident of another state.

No greater compliment was ever paid to the courage and honesty of American troops than that implied in the request of the Chinese officials that a guard of United States soldiers be left in China to protect the persons and property of the natives from the rapacity of the soldiery of other powers.

The New York Democracy have formed an organization to fight Tammany Hall. Such well known Democrats as John C. Sheehan, Ellery Anderson, Peter B. Olney, and Joseph P. Daly are at the head of it. If this fight is continued till the next election it looks as though honest people might have a chance to win.

Messrs. Geo A. Littlefield, William H. Fiske, and Henry T. Root have been appointed by the Providence Board of Aldermen a Committee on the layout and widening of South Main street. It is to be hoped that that Committee may be successful in having that thoroughfare improved at an early date. It needs it as much as does Long Wharf in Newport.

The third state house loan of $700,000 has been taken entirely by the estate of B. B. Knight, of Providence. These are three per cent. bonds and the price paid is 101.11. The Providence people now feel sad, as it takes just so much out of the taxable personal property of that city, as these State house bonds are not taxable in Rhode Island. But then Providence has got the marble palace, familiarly known as the White Elephant, so she ought not to kick. Judging from the rapid rise in the value of property between the first purchase of the Smith's hill land for the new State house and the last purchase, the increase in taxes on the surroundings of this structure ought not only to make good any loss of personal property which has gone into State bonds, but ought to pay the entire city debt in a few years. Between the first and last purchases by the State there was more than a ten-fold increase.

Some people in this city are disposed to grumble because the New Haven Railroad people propose to delay the building of the new depot in Newport till after the railroad shops are built. We have waited long for that new depot, to be sure. The present structure is hardly worthy a terminal station of a great railroad corporation, and all of us will be glad to see a new building here in accordance with the dignity of the city and the corporation which owns the station. Still, if we cannot have but one at a time the shops are of a great deal more value to the city than the new depot. With increased facilities for doing work will come increased business and an increased number of workmen. That means more money spent in Newport and a benefit to all the people. A new depot will bring no money to Newport. It will only increase the convenience of those who use it and the pride of the people generally. So by all means we say give us the shops first. We can wait a little longer for the new depot.

The Long wharf improvement scheme seems to slumber at present. As we have said many times before it is time that something was done with this place. Had the money which was thrown away on the esplanade, and the money spent on the Van Zandt avenue bridge, which is not needed at present, been put in the Long wharf improvement, we should have had a good thoroughfare there and the city would have had something to show for its money. But because the money that could have been used for this purpose has been thrown away on other things is no reason why one of the most travelled streets in the city should be left in the unsightly condition that it is in at present. This portion of the city demands immediate attention and should have it. It does not matter so much what plan of improvement is adopted, as it does that some plan be adopted and the work carried out at once. Give us an intelligent management and then go to work. Let us have no further needless delay.

The Duty of the Doctor.

The supreme court of the State of Indiana has recently rendered an opinion in a case that is of general interest to the public, as it involves the duty of the physician in the eyes of the law. This decision will disabuse the public mind of the delusion that a physician is legally bound to answer a call whether he desires to do so or not. The Chicago Record-Herald gives the case on which an Indianapolis doctor who was summoned three times to attend the wife of a prominent citizen. He refused to go and was finally importuned by the sick woman's pastor, who offered to pay the fees in advance. The physician remained obdurate and the patient died.

The court held that the act regulating the practice of medicine is only preventive and not a compulsory measure. Hence it follows that the only recourse in such a case is to public sentiment.

Commenting on this decision the Washington Post says that "there is no profession—not even the clerical—that is more unselfish, more broadly and nobly attentive than that of medicine. Its members sacrifice comfort, health and often life in the quiet discharge of what they believe to be duty. If they make discoveries that they think will be useful to humanity, professional ethics forbids them to profit thereby and requires them to make them public property. There have been millions of doctors who have rendered more service to patients from whom they expected no pay than to those who who were able to make compensation. There are still many thousands of such philanthropists. There is no profession whose members are less addicted to self-glorification. A statute making attendance compulsory would be worse than useless, for it could be easily evaded. The Indianapolis incident that gave rise to this decision is an extremely rare occurrence. The physician who would allow a person to die for lack of medical attention when no other medical aid could be obtained is so seldom seen or heard from that he may be safely left to the lashes of public sentiment."

It will not do to assume that this woman died for lack of medical attention. There are doubtless a hundred physicians in the city of Indianapolis who would have taken the case and it is preposterous that they could not be secured. The physician who refused to attend the call is either a craven wretch or he has some strong personal reason for refusing—a reason doubtless known to the husband. In the latter event the husband is the responsible party and not the doctor. As the Washington Post remarks, the medical fraternity is composed largely of philanthropists. I any man in history ever became immensely rich in practice of medicine his name is not recorded.

Supreme Court.

When the supreme court resumed its April session on Monday, one Portuguese, named Manuel de Rosa, of Tiverton, presented himself and was made a citizen of the United States. The case of Patrick J. Murphy vs. Edward B. Hall was entered settled.

The case for trial was really two cases, which were tried jointly—State vs. Angell Snell and State vs. liquors and vessels of Angell Snell, both Tiverton liquor appeals. Assistant Attorney General Stearns conducted the prosecution and Mr. Frank P. Nolan the defense. Dudley Newton, of Newport, was made foreman of the jury. Witnesses were called to testify for the state regarding sales on September 16, 1900. A few witnesses were called for the defense, to show that Snell was not the lessee of the building where the liquors were found but merely a boarder there. Pleas by the attorneys on each side were short and after the judge's charge the jury retired to consider the case. A verdict of guilty was returned.

Another liquor appeal case was put on during the afternoon, Mr. Newton being again foreman of the jury. The case was that of State vs. Richard Duckworth. In the district court the liquors and vessels seized during a raid on Duckworth's place at the Island Park had been condemned but the case was appealed. Three town officers testified to entering the place on Sunday, July 8, 1900, and seizing the vessels in question. For the defense Duckworth testified that the premises where the liquor was found were used by a club and that the liquors were the property of members. The jury found a verdict for the state and the liquors were ordered condemned.

After the trial of this case the court adjourned for the day and when it convened Tuesday morning Clerk Charles E. Harvey presided and announced that the court would adjourn to meet according to law. It had been expected that the session would continue for several days longer but the business was finished sooner.

Mayor Garrettson has appointed the members of the Long wharf commission as follows: Alderman Herbert Bliss, Councilmen F. Augustus Ward and William O. Milne, and Messrs. David Stevens, John H. Crosby, Angus McLeod and George Gordon King. Mayor Garrettson and William B. Sherman, Jr., president of the common council, are, ex-officio, members of the commission. The resolution authorizing the appointment of the commission directs them "to investigate as to the rights of the city of Newport in Long wharf, and to report the result of their investigations to the city council at the earliest possible date, together with a plan for the improvement of the said Long wharf. Said commission shall have the power to hold public hearings, and to incur any expense necessary in the discharge of its duties not exceeding five hundred dollars ($500), which amount is hereby appropriated."

The threatened strike among the employees of the gigantic steel combination has been called off and the industrial world breathes more freely. A strike of the dimensions promised by the leaders could only result in serious disturbance of industrial conditions in all lines.

Mr. John E. Groff and family of Providence are visiting friends in this city.

Dancing Reception.

A large crowd gathered at Masonic hall Wednesday evening to witness the reception given by Miss Annie Holland's dancing class of junior pupils. It was one of the prettiest dancing receptions ever given. The costumes were made of paper and were not only attractive but very artistic. The boys costumes represented bees, butterflies, etc., while the girls were dressed as roses, pinks, etc. The grand march was led by Miss Hope Bliss, in pink, and Master Donald Thurston, in blue. Some of the dances worthy of special mention were: Fancy dance, Miss Hope Bliss; fancy dance, the Misses Dorothy and Carlo Wood; fancy dance, the Misses Louise Brown and Kate Holland; fancy dance, Miss Lynette King and Master Henry Wheeler; fancy dance, Miss Florence Sanford and Master Stanton Allen; fancy dance, Miss May Austin and Master Newton Holland; waltz quadrille, Misses Bessie Boone, Pauline Stevens, Margaret Weaver, Mildred Barker and Masters Robert Holland, Jr., Edward Parish, Lawrence Thompson, Harry Stevens.

The audience showed their appreciation by the applause they gave.

After the exercises of the class were over, dancing was enjoyed by the older people. The Harry K. Howard orchestra furnished the music.

Enjoyable Occasion.

On Tuesday evening last members of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., assembled to the number of a dozen or more at the home of Mr. B. W. Pearce, on Farewell street, and gave the parlor concert of war and other songs, arranged for the previous Tuesday evening, but postponed on account of the sudden and severe illness of his daughter. In addition to several popular war songs, sung to organ accompaniment, with much acceptance, Comrades George A. Pritchard and W. S. Bailey sang solos, and Mr. Pearce sang a couple of his old-time songs.

During the evening an oyster supper was served, with coffee—a clam chowder had been intended, but there was none of these bivalves in market.

At a seasonable hour the visitors departed for their homes, after Auld Lang Syne, which was sung standing, and a cordial leave-taking between them and their venerable host, who reiterated time and again expressions of the enjoyment he had experienced from the evening's entertainment, responded to by the expressed wish of the guests that his "birthdays might be more frequent."

Trustees of Long Wharf.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of Long Wharf and Public School held April 17, 1901, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—Robert S. Barker.

Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Coggeshall.

Auditing Committee—R. S. Barker, B. B. H. Sherman.

Mr. Fred M. Hammett was elected a trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James H. Hammett, Esq.

The following compose the Board of Trustees: R. S. Barker, B. B. H. Sherman, T. Mumford Seabury, G. E. Hammett, Jr., W. B. Sherman, W. H. Hammett, B. H. Stevens, W. A. Coggeshall, L. L. Simmons, J. S. Coggeshall, W. G. Stevens, J. H. Crosby, N. Underwood, T. P. Peckham, T. A. Lawton, E. P. Allen, W. P. Shefield, Jr., G. Norman Weaver, W. K. Covell, Jr., F. G. Brown, Fred M. Hammett.

The Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church has celebrated its 45th anniversary this week, and Thursday evening the members were entertained at a banquet at which addresses were made and vocal and instrumental music rendered.

Governor Crane of Massachusetts has vetoed the so-called lobster bills passed by the state legislature. The bills provided for a slackening of the lines which protect young lobsters.

Miss Mary Buck is on an extended visit to New York.

Portsmouth.

Miss Clara Thurston has returned to Portsmouth, having resigned her position at Howard.

Mrs. Walter R. Smith is seriously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. Thurston, in South Portsmouth.

Rev. Mr. Bullock, of Tiverton, officiated at St. Mary's Church, South Portsmouth, on Sunday morning last and at Holy Cross Chapel, Middletown, in the afternoon.

The stormy weather has interfered with the work on the new Catholic church and unless some pleasant weather puts in an appearance the church will not be ready for occupancy in June as expected.

Unless the heavy fall of rain causes very soon the prices of vegetables will be very high this summer.

The annual meeting of the Young People's Guild was held in the guild house on Friday of last week and the following officers were elected:

President—B. Earl Anthony.

Vice President—Miss Jennie Anthony.

Secretary—Harold Hall.

Treasurer—William B. Anthony.

Deacon and Mrs. Benjamin B. White are receiving congratulations, the occasion being the birth of twins.

Newport County, Pomona Grange, met on Wednesday afternoon at the Middletown town hall, a large attendance being present.

The many friends of Mr. Edward W. Thurston gathered at the mill lot Wednesday evening and plowed the land, preparatory to potato planting, sowed oats, cut seed, and made every thing ready for planting. Mr. Thurston is not able to do any work, being confined to his home by illness.

Washington Matters.

President McKinley Will Receive Cuban Commission—Mrs. Logan Speaks of the Logan Statue—The Panama Canal—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1901.

President McKinley has conferred with a number of Senators and Representatives on the back and forth action of the Cuban Constitution Convention on the conditions offered Cuba, and its deciding to send a Commission to Washington. The President will courteously receive the Commission, but will make it plain to them that the conditions offered are final and that they must be accepted sooner or later. The opinion of the President and those with whom he has conferred, including democrats as well as republicans, was reflected in the following statement made by Senator McComas, just after having had a talk with the President: "The Cubans are simply standing in their own light by not accepting the terms of the Platt amendment. This amendment was necessary, just and ultimate. We cannot change a single one of the provisions of the amendment in justice to the Cubans themselves, not taking into consideration our own interests. Each provision is a prop to the future republic. If a committee comes up here from the Cuban Constitutional Convention, I think they will find that out. They certainly cannot accomplish anything in the way of modification to the Platt amendment. They will learn what they ought to know now, that the President has no power to repeal or modify an Act of Congress. They are to be treated all right when they visit Washington, but I believe they will go back home with plainer ideas of the intentions of this government." Senator Cockrell, a democratic member of the Senate Committee on Cuba, who has just returned from a visit to the island, expressed the opinion that the Convention would in the end accept the Platt amendment, although, he said, he would not be surprised if they took several more indecisive votes before doing so. He evidently believes that some of the members of the Convention wish to be persuaded.

Mrs. John A. Logan made public a statement in answer to criticism of the bronze panels on the sides of the pedestal of the statue of Gen. Logan that was unveiled last week, in which she said: "No one supposes that it was not known to the sculptor, the statue commission and myself that Vice President Arthur did not administer the oath to Gen. Logan as a Senator; that Senator Morton was dead, and that Senator Thurman was not in the Senate when Gen. Logan was sworn in for his second term. Of course, we knew all this, but we disregarded it, because we wanted those panels to portray the most prominent men in the history of the country who were in the Senate during the sixteen years that my husband was a Senator. The selection of those who were to be represented on those panels was left to me, and I tried to select men who served at sometime with Gen. Logan and who were representative of the country's history. In this connection, I want to say, too, that the Commission appointed by Congress to have charge of the erection of the statue decided that the money appropriated by Congress should be applied to the base and to the figures of man and horse. It was agreed that the other funds given toward the statue should be used for the making of the panels and other decoration of the pedestal. This other money was contributed by the army of the Tennessee, the Grand Army of the Republic, and by private individuals."

A prominent civil engineer of Washington, who on the strength of the recent rumor that an American syndicate, headed by J. Pierpont Morgan, had brought or were about to buy the franchise of the Panama Canal Co., wrote to the headquarters of the Panama Railroad Company, in New York, offering his services, has received a letter from S. Denning, Treasurer of that company, saying that there was no truth whatever in the report that J. P. Morgan, or anyone else had purchased or were negotiating for the purchase of the franchise of the Panama Canal Company. That effectually disposes of the fake.

Lieut. Gen. Schofield, who came to Washington to preside over the Congress of the Loyal Legion, of which he is President, held last week, said of the Philippines: "I regard it as a good thing for the people of this country that there is a problem to be worked out in the Philippines. The young men will find opportunities out there and the improvement of them will be a benefit to the country.

There is no foundation for the story that negotiations for a new treaty with Great Britain, dealing with the Isthmian Canal question, have been started. After the lapsing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty by the failure of Great Britain to accept it, President McKinley directed Secretary Hay to ascertain, if possible, from Senators, whether two thirds of the Senate could be counted upon to vote for the ratification of a treaty that would, in its main features, be acceptable both to this government and that of Great Britain. This task, by no means an easy one, Secretary Hay is still engaged on, and until it is completed, there will be no negotiations, as until then Secretary Hay will be unable to even acquaint the British Ambassador with the basis upon which this government will negotiate. The cable news that negotiations have been started in London, was as false as the Washington story. Whenever there are negotiations along this line, they will be conducted at Washington. President McKinley has absolute confidence in Ambassador Choate, but this matter is so important that he intends to keep it where he can personally watch every step taken.

Weather Bulletin.

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ST. JOSEPH, MO., April 20.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 18 to 23 accompanied by a great fall in temperature.

About date of this bulletin this cool wave is expected to be on or approaching meridian 90 and it is expected to affect all of North America.

The lowest temperature will probably reach meridian 90 near 24 and the remainder of the month will average cool, the warmer periods reaching meridian 90 near 27 and May 1.

Storm wave will reach Pacific coast about 24, cross west of Rockies by close of 25, great central valleys 26 to 28, eastern states 29.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states 31.

Storm wave will reach Pacific coast about 29, cross west of Rockies by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to May 2, eastern states May 3.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 31, great central valleys 31, eastern states May 2. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about May 1, great central valleys 3, eastern states 5.

Next bulletin will contain general forecasts of May and will be of more than common interest in that May will largely determine what the oats and wheat crop will be and will have much to do with the next cotton crop.

The warm wave preceding dates of this bulletin will have probably developed the fly in the growing wheat crop in many places and this will, to some extent, indicate what the damage by the fly will be later on.

It is a well known fact that wheat in many places is infected by this destructive insect and much fear is entertained that wheat will be greatly damaged. Last fall about sowing time these bulletins gave warning that wheat would be damaged this year by the fly and I am still of that opinion, though to what extent I am unable to say.

In northern sections of winter wheat belt the cool wave, due on meridian 90 near 24, will probably produce frosts that will damage growing wheat. In many places in the winter wheat belt the great fall in temperature, 17 to 25, will cause heavy rains, leaving the soil wet and the cool weather that is expected to rule the weather during balance of April and first part of May will probably injure wheat and oats and rot corn that was planted just before the cool wave.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1901. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
20 Sat	5 14	6 11	9 11	8 41	9 06
21 Sun	5 13	6 15	10 10	9 32	9 47
22 Mon	5 11	6 16	11 16	10 27	10 44
23 Tues	5 10	6 17	mo'n 11	11 24	11 42
24 Wed	5 9	6 18	0 5		12 25
25 Thurs	5 7	6 19	0 16	12 11	1 28
26 Fri	5 6	6 20	1 21	1 18	2 28

Full Moon 8d, 7h. 19m., evening.
Last Quarter 16th, 9h. 36m., morning.
New Moon 23th day, 8h. 3m., evening.
First Quarter 25th day, 9h. 46m., morning.

A. O'D. TAYLOR

OFFERS FOR RENT.

1st—Two excellent offices, 2d floor on Thames street, in one of the best business parts of that street. Furnished and heated, $200 a year each.

2d—A suite of three communicating rooms, close to Washington Square, on Thames street, well adapted for any Club or Society; one room large enough for a lecture or dancing hall. Rent of all three $400.

Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport.

Office hours, 9 morning till 6 evening.

Telephone, 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., Harold, infant son of Cornelius and Catherine McDermott.

In this city, 16th inst., Margaret, widow of James McDonnell, aged 55 years.

In this city, 13th inst., Mary Caroline, daughter of the late John H. and Virtue C. Crosby, in the 55 year of her age.

In this city, 15th inst., suddenly, at his residence, 13 Holland street, Michael Martin, in the 54th year of his age.

In Jamestown, 11th inst., Daniel, son of the late John E. and Phoebe Howland, aged 53 years.

In this city, 15th inst., Napoleon O., son of Napoleon and Rosanna R. Fournier, aged 2 months, 16 days.

In this city, 14th inst., George Elliott Speers, in his 21st year.

In this city, 12th inst., George L. Lloyd, aged 78 years.

In Little Compton, 15th inst., Allen E. Davoll, in his 61st year.

In Tiverton, 15th inst., Everett, infant son of Vernon L. Springer, aged 8 months.

In Providence, 17th inst., Albert N. Angell, 79; 14th inst., Miss Margaret Tobin, 78; 16th inst., William Wesley Fry, 11th inst., James Annis, 71; 12th inst., Susan A., widow of Martin P. Betts, 78; 16th inst., Jane, widow of Phillip Heffernan, 74; 15th inst., Mary A., wife of George Richards, 61; 14th inst., Sarah C., widow of Samuel I. Smith, 80.

In Pawtucket, 11th inst., Zilpha A., widow of Mowry B. Cole, in her 81st year.

In Warren, 15th inst., Francis H. Wheaton, in his 78th year.

In East Providence, 14th inst., John Hogan, in his 81st year.

In West Wickford, 14th inst., Hannah C., widow of David Greene, in her 82 year.

In East Greenwich, 15th inst., Benjamin F. Searle, in his 84th year.

In Shiloh, 17th inst., Anna Sheldon Andrews, aged 101 years, 9 months and nine days.

Building Sites.

4 EXCELLENT BUILDING SITES

on Hope Street and Powel Avenue, $1200 and $1300 each.

3 COTTAGE SITES

on Prospect Hill Street, $1100, $1400 and $1500.

PLATS AT MY OFFICE.

SIMEON HAZARD,

31 BROADWAY,

Newport, R. I.

Telephone 330.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BANK GOES UNDER

Receiver For the Farmers' National of Vergennes

Cashier's Accounts Are Said to Show a Shortage of $90,000.

Vergennes, Vt., April 16.—The Farmers' National bank was yesterday closed by order of the comptroller of the currency, and Cashier D. H. Lewis was arrested by United States Marshal Field later, on the charge of misappropriating the funds of the institution.

There is dismay among the stockholders of the Farmers' National bank, for everything connected with the bank, it is said, is in a most chaotic state, and, while it is an assured fact that the alleged defalcation will reach the amount first stated, $90,000, it is also believed that the stockholders will be heavily assessed to pay the depositors.

The news of the alleged defalcation of Cashier Lewis seemed almost incredulable when received here Saturday night. It was known to many that a bank examiner was at the bank, but the impression was that the customary examination of the bank was in progress. There had been some talk that things were not just right, but no general belief that the accounts were wrong.

The bank went into the hands of John P. Sullivan, as a receiver, at the close of business Saturday afternoon. The institution has a capital stock of $60,000, and was supposed to have a small surplus. The last report showed that it had deposits subject to check amounting to about $30,000, and time deposits of about the same amount. There was great reticence at the bank as to the exact amount of the shortage, but it was intimated that the entire stock would be wiped out and in addition the stockholders would be heavily assessed. It is not thought likely from present revelations that the depositors will lose. Special Examiner John B. Cunningham came here a week ago last Saturday, and began an examination of the bank on Monday. The directors have been in continuous session since Tuesday, and every effort has been made on their part to straighten out the affairs.

Lewis is very well known throughout the state, has been a member of both branches of the state legislature, and in 1888 was a prominent candidate for state treasurer. He is very popular locally and this popularity extended to many sections of the state, where he has visited both in a business way and socially. He remains at home and has turned over to the officers of the bank his holdings of stock and negotiable property. His sureties are equal to $30,000, and the men who have signed his bond are believed to be good for that amount.

The bank was organized in 1880, Walter Scranton, the present president of the Lackawanna Steel and Iron company, being its first president and taking nearly all its capital stock.

Examiner Cunningham says that the methods used by Cashier Lewis to cover his shortage and deceive the directors was a very clever one, the defalcations covering a period of 14 years.

A Little Fellow's Sad Fate

Medford, Mass., April 17.—J. B. Perkins, a 6-year-old boy, with his sister, Doris, 4 years old, went into the room of Sabin Wadsworth, a boarder at the house, and drank from a tumbler containing a lotion of belladonna and arsenic, which Mr. Wadsworth had left on his table. Doris told her mother she had tasted the medicine. Mrs. Perkins gave the child an emetic and sent for a physician, and the girl's life was saved. The boy, however, had left the house and had gone to the home of his grandmother, where, while eating an apple, he gave a scream and fell to the floor. Five minutes later the child was dead.

Says She Cannot Help Stealing

Boston, April 15.—Mary Ann Taylor, an elderly woman with many aliases, said to be one of the most notorious shoplifters in the country, was arrested in one of the large department stores with a large quantity of stolen goods in her possession. She was released from the house of correction only last Friday, where she had served an 18 months' sentence for the larceny of goods valued at nearly $2000. The woman claims that stealing is a mania with her, and that she cannot stop it.

Prince Adelbert in the Navy

Kiel, April 19.—Prince Adelbert, third son of the emperor of Germany, formally entered the navy yesterday. The emperor and empress and other members of the imperial family participated in the attendant ceremonies. At divine service Prince Adelbert took the oath of loyalty to the flag, and subsequently reported himself to the emperor as his superior officer.

Probable Work of Burglars

Waterville, Me., April 15.—Incendiaries started a fire in a block on Main street, occupied by a laundry, book bindery and harness shop, that did about $3500 damage early Sunday morning. Prompt discovery alone prevented a conflagration in the heart of the business section. It is believed to be the work of professional burglars.

Served Him Right

Boston, April 18.—Samuel D. Nevers, aged about 40, convicted of attacking three little girls, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Gaskill to state prison for from eight to nine years, at hard labor. He cried when he heard the penalty.

Patrick Held For Grand Jury

New York, April 17.—Justice Jerome yesterday held Lawyer Albert T. Patrick for the grand jury, on a charge of murdering the late Texas millionaire, William M. Rice.

Old Home Month For Canada

Boston, April 19.—The Canadian club of Boston is pushing the proposition to establish an "old home" month for Canada. There are in the state of Massachusetts alone some 207,000 and in Greater Boston about 112,000 Canadians, and it is felt that a very large proportion of these would return and visit their native province.

MUCH GROUND LOST

British Have Failed to Check Operations of Boers

Report of Sir Alfred Milner, Who Is Sure of Ultimate Result

London, April 18.—The appearance of the South African blue book just at this moment is explained as a characteristically bold stroke on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, who, with a view to anticipating the inevitable criticism upon the temporary absence of Sir Alfred Milner from South Africa, publishes important communications giving frankly the views of the men on the spot and showing that Sir Alfred seizes an occasion to secure well earned rest while the military operations are still unfinished, so as to enable him to be back again when the time arrives for inaugurating the civil administration.

The blue book, containing recent dispatches from Sir Alfred Milner and other official correspondence, was issued last night.

Sir Alfred wired, under date of March 3, requesting permission to return home at an early date upon leave of absence for the purpose of resting. Mr. Chamberlain replied by granting this request, but expressed regret that it should be necessary for Sir Alfred at the present time.

Sir Alfred Milner reviews the situation in South Africa and says that he had hoped some definite point would be reached at which it might be possible to sum up that chapter of history concerning the war and forecasting the administrative reconstruction which must succeed it. "But I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that there will be no such dividing line," he continues, "and I have not the slightest doubt of the ultimate result, but I foresee that the work will be slower, more difficult, more harassing and more expensive than was at one time anticipated. At any rate, it is idle to wait much longer in hope of being able to describe a clear and clean-cut situation.

"It is no use denying that the last half year has been one of retrogression. Seven months ago this colony was perfectly quiet, at least as far as the Orange river. The southern half of the Orange River Colony was rapidly settling down and even a considerable portion of the Transvaal, notably the southwestern districts, seemed to have definitely accepted British authority and to rejoice at the opportunity to return to orderly government and the pursuits of peace.

"Today the scene is completely altered. The fact that the enemy are now broken up into a great number of small forces, raiding in every direction, and that our troops are similarly broken up in their pursuit, makes the area of actual fighting, and consequently of destruction, much wider than would be the case in a conflict between equal numbers operating in large masses.

"Moreover, the fight is now mainly over supplies. The Boers live entirely on the country through which they pass, not only taking all the food they can lay their hands on, but looting the small village stores of clothes, boots, coffee and sugar, of all of which they are in great need. Our forces are compelled to denude the country of everything movable in order to frustrate these tactics of the enemy.

"The consequences of the war, although grave, are not appalling. The country people will need help to prevent them from starving, and probably a certain amount of capital. A more serious effect of the last six months is the moral influence of the recrudescence of the war, especially in the Orange River Colony."

He then sketches the rising against the British forces, the breaking of Boer pledges of neutrality under the pressure of old companions in arms and the establishment of camps of refuge for Boer families wanting protection. He describes the effect in Cape Colony of guerilla warfare and agitation and alludes to the "carnival of mendacity" accompanying the pro-Boer agitation.

He thinks that a majority of the Dutch colonies do not desire invasion. Discussing the plans of local defense put into operation he argues that the government's policy should be to consider the feelings and interests of the loyalists and thus to retain their loyalty, as well as to disarm enmity and to win the confidence of those fighting against Great Britain.

"South Africans are sick unto death of the war," he says, "but are prepared to suffer in order to make South Africa indisputably one country under one flag." He believes that the young country will recuperate in a few years when the war is over.

Other correspondence in the blue book relates to various phases of sedition, to incidents of the invasion and to details of administration. Among the letters are three dispatches from the government of The Netherlands to the Dutch consul general in Pretoria, before the war, advising Mr. Kruger to adopt a conciliatory attitude.

The question of who is to carry on Sir Alfred's work in his absence excites interest. In the natural course of things the duty would devolve upon Lord Kitchener, whose ability for the task is unquestioned; but, considering the already onerous nature of his military duties, it is felt that he ought not to be saddled with the additional work which Milner found so heavy.

Hosiery Operatives Going to Work

Ipswich, Mass., April 16.—The strike of the operatives at the Ipswich hosiery mills, which was begun about three weeks ago, was settled yesterday, the operatives voting for a return to work whenever the management is ready for them, under conditions named in an agreement.

Sweethearts United In Death

Elmira, N. Y., April 19.—Because his parents objected to his marriage to Anna Linberg, Frederick J. Fisher, aged 26, shot his sweetheart and himself. They were found lying dead in the road near the entrance to Rocks Glen park. The following note, signed by Fisher and Miss Linberg, was found on the person of the former: "We go together and die happy."

THE PARE MURDER

Alexander Terrio Is Charged With the Crime

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States

Kineo, Me., April 19.—Sheriff Pennell arrived here yesterday, having in custody Alexander Terrio, who is charged with the murder of Mathias Pare, on the Misery Tote road, on March 11. Terrio is known to have worked but little during the past winter and on several occasions requested loans of different people. About the same time that Pare is supposed to have been murdered Terrio was seen to have considerable money, and paid several small bills and an installment debt on his house, amounting to $40. This information came to the notice of Sheriff Pennell and a further inquiry showed that Terrio purchased a rifle of 30.30 calibre at the store in Kineo a few days before the date of the murder.

Sheriff Pennell found Terrio at work on the drive for Mr. Gerry on the Socatean, eight miles northwest of this place, on Wednesday. The officer had had a hard trip over the treacherous ice and through the forest to the camp where Terrio was employed. When told that he was a prisoner Terrio offered no resistance.

The prisoner is a native of Canada, but has resided in this state for a number of years, his home being on the Canada road, a few miles from Jackman. He is 45 years old, square built, and he is married. Owing to the treacherous condition of the ice on the lake the sheriff and his prisoner remained here last night, and reached Greenville in the cool of this morning, when the crust made travelling more safe. The prisoner will be taken directly to Skowhegan.

Roger Wolcott's Memory Honored

Boston, April 19.—Public men of Massachusetts joined with men and women of the more ordinary walks of life in a great memorial service in honor of Governor Roger Wolcott in Symphony hall yesterday. Governor Crane presided, and the service began with an overture performed by members of the Boston symphony orchestra. Then came the requiem for chorus and orchestra, sung by the Cecelia society. A prayer, offered by Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., closed the first part of the program. The second part opened with a requiem, after which Senator Lodge delivered an address. The final was a hymn in which the singers and audience were asked to take part, all standing. Then came the benediction, and taps.

Death of Dr. Fulton

Somerville, Mass., April 17.—Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., a well-known Baptist clergyman and formerly pastor of Tremont Temple, died at his home here yesterday, after an illness of a few days of paralysis. Dr. Fulton was born in Shurburne, N. Y., in 1824. He was educated in Michigan and Rochester universities and was ordained to the ministry in 1855. His first labors were in St. Louis, where, besides his pastoral work, he was engaged as an editor of The Gospel Banner. The opinions of the paper became so strongly antislavery that a number of leading slave holders of the state made a vigorous fight, and Mr. Fulton was removed from the editorship.

Dresser's Will Disallowed

Worcester, Mass., April 19.—The will of the late Chester A. Dresser of Southbridge, a well known cotton mill man who left an estate of more than $50,000, was yesterday declared to have been made under undue influence, exercised upon him by his third wife, Hannah N. Dresser. The appellants from the allowance of the will were the children of the eldest son of the testator, who were excluded from the will.

Alleged Illicit Still Unearthed

Huntington, Conn., April 19.—Deputy United States Marshal Bryant discovered an alleged illicit still yesterday on the premises of Hobart Hubbell, a farmer living in this town. Hubbell's place is close to the Baptist church. Upon the premises were found several kettles and distilling apparatus, besides 2½ barrels of cider brandy. Hubbell was taken to New Haven for arraignment.

Enlisted Sympathy of Court

South Norwalk, Conn., April 19.—George P. Davis was arrested here yesterday on a charge of attempting to evade railroad fare. He explained to the court that when he was about to start from New York for New Haven he had been drugged and robbed. The court allowed him to go, furnishing him a ticket for Bridgeport, where he said he had friends.

Watch Concern Changes Hands

Waltham, Mass., April 19.—The plant of the United States Watch company has been purchased by the Philadelphia Watch Case company of Riverside, N. J. The negotiations have been pending for several days, but no agreement was reached until yesterday. While the purchase price is not made public, it is understood to be about $125,000.

Paid Dearly For His Folly

Norwich, Conn., April 19.—John Lavigne, to exhibit his nerve, struck a stick of dynamite with a hammer. He had his left hand blown off, lost two fingers from his right hand and received a compound fracture of the right leg. He will die.

Killed By Electric Car

Worcester, Mass., April 19.—Jeremiah Sullivan, 10 years old, was killed by an electric car last night. The boy, who was at play, ran directly in front of the car, and was knocked down and run over before it could be stopped.

Teresa Vaughn In Insane Asylum

Boston, April 18.—Teresa Vaughn (Mrs. Haupt), the ballad singer, has been taken to the Worcester asylum for the insane. Ever since the death of her husband, four years ago, the actress had been troubled mentally. Mrs. Haupt's first husband was W. A. Mestayer, a comedian, who died some years ago. The recent death of her brother, Joe Ott, affected her very badly.

ANXIETY RELIEVED

Overdue Transport Garonne Obliged to Stop at Honolulu to Coal Up

Washington, April 18.—The transport Garonne, with Massachusetts volunteers, returning from Manila, has been reported. She was at Honolulu, and will be in San Francisco in two or three days. The Garonne was long overdue.

A good deal of anxiety has been felt, particularly in New England, where the troops on board the Garonne were recruited, as to her safety, but the quartermaster's department never has felt seriously apprehensive. The report that the vessel was at Honolulu simply justifies their guess that the smaller vessels of this type plying between San Francisco and the Orient would be obliged to stop at Honolulu for coal in the event that head winds were encountered.

The news of the safety of the Garonne came in a message to the quartermaster general from Colonel Long, the quartermaster at San Francisco. His message stated that the steamer Doric had arrived at San Francisco and had gone into quarantine. She reported that the government transport Lawton left Honolulu for San Francisco 14 hours ahead of her, with three cases of smallpox aboard, and she was momentarily expected at San Francisco. The Garonne, with the Twenty-sixth Infantry, was coaling at Honolulu on the 9th, and is expected at San Francisco in two or three days.

Two Drowned and Two Rescued

Rockland, Me., April 16.—Three stone cutters, Colson, Hendricks and Carlson, all Swedes, were being rowed by A. Johnson, 12 years of age, from Long Cove to State Point yesterday, when the dory suddenly capsized. Colson and Hendricks immediately went down and were lost. Carlson and Johnson started to swim to the shore. Two women on the shore saw the accident and started out in a small boat to the assistance of the two who were swimming, and by hard pulling they succeeded in reaching them in time to save them.

Engineers and Firemen Win

New York, April 15.—The Central Railroad of New Jersey has come to an agreement with its engineers and firemen. Their wages are increased, but the telegraphers and train hands did not fare so well. The former were told that they will be treated as liberally as their fellow workers in the employ of other roads, and the train hands are to have another conference with the officials. Timothy Shea, representative of the firemen in Jersey City, announces that there will be no strike on the New Jersey Central road.

Railroad Deal Consummated

New York, April 19.—It is officially stated in Wall street that the proposed control of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific interests will be effected by the issue of $220,000,000 in bonds on the basis of $2 in bonds for each $1 outstanding of Burlington stock. The issue will be underwritten by a syndicate at par, with commissions off. It is understood the bonds to be issued will bear 4 percent interest. The amount of Burlington stock outstanding is $109,329,000.

Big Plant Destroyed by Fire

Boston, April 15.—The main building of the extensive blower works of the B. F. Sturtevant company, off Green street, Jamaica Plain, was burned yesterday, causing a loss of $350,000. The concern manufactured various kinds of machinery and electrical goods, as well as blowers, and the plant was a splendidly equipped and very valuable one. Over 700 men will be thrown out of work temporarily.

Old Soldier Dropped Dead

Salem, Mass., April 16.—Major John H. Belcher, U. S. A., retired, who dropped dead in the Boston subway yesterday from heart failure, had for several years made his home in this city. He was born in Boston in 1829, and in early life followed the sea, having commanded vessels in the East India trade before entering the army. Major Belcher's army record is an extensive one.

Chief Has Absolute Command

Fall River, Mass., April 16.—The city council last night settled the long continued controversy in the fire department by passing an ordinance which conferred upon the chief absolute control of the department. The board of engineers has claimed that control rested in the city government, while the chief claims to be in absolute command.

Adrift Off Maine Coast

Rockland, Me., April 16.—The schooner Gazelle of Weymouth, N. S., is adrift off the Maine coast, having been dismasted either in a collision or during a heavy blow. The schooner was sighted 25 miles off Mantinicus yesterday by brig James Daley. The Gazelle was deserted and was in bad shape. The deckload was gone.

Bangor to Have Baseball Club

Bangor, Me., April 17.—A meeting was held in the board of trade rooms last night by those interested in baseball. W. W. Burnham of Portland was present and talked over the New England league situation with those present. As a result of the meeting the Bangor Baseball association was organized.

Ready to Pay Final Dividend

Exeter, N. H., April 18.—Treasurer Knight will immediately pay the final divided for the Squampscott Savings bank of Exeter and thereby wind up the affairs of the bank, which went into voluntary liquidation Nov. 4, 1896. This final dividend will make a total of 96 percent paid.

Two Score Years a Marshal

Concord, N. H., April 17.—Assistant City Marshal James E. Rand of this city yesterday completed 40 years of active service, under 17 mayors and six chiefs of police. This record was commemorated by the presentation of a gold watch and chain to Mr. Rand.

McKinley's New England Visit

Worcester, Mass., April 18.—President McKinley is to visit this city on June 26. He will attend the banquet of the board of trade on June 27, after a trip to the Rufus Putnam house in Rutland. He will leave on the 27th for Concord, N. H. He will be the guest of Senator Hoar while in Worcester. These plans were received from Washington yesterday.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Charlotte A. Taggart, presented this day, praying that an instrument in writing presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament of

PHILIP S. TAGGART,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to her, the Executrix named therein:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

4-21

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 8th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Sarah B. DeBlois, Guardian of the person and estate of

JOHN B. DeBLOIS,

of full age, of Newport, presented this day to the Court of Probate of Newport, praying for leave to sell at private sale three certain parcels of real estate situated in said Newport, and particularly described in said petition, for a better and more advantageous investment and for the payment of the debts of her said ward, and said petitioner having applied to this said Court of Probate to give notice in the *Newport Mercury*.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday the 29th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

4-13

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 8th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

AMORY AUSTIN, Guardian of the person and estate of

MARY T. AUSTIN,

of Newport, of full age, presents his sixth annual account with the estate of said Mary T. Austin, and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to Monday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

4-13

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Block Island R. I., April 10, 1901.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of CHLOE C. PERRY, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

HERBERT S. MILLIKIN, Administrator.

4-13

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of Tiverton, R. I., Administrator on the estate of MARY J. MANCHESTER, late of said Tiverton, R. I., and has given bond according to law.

CORNELIUS F. SEABURY, 59 Cranston Street, Providence, R. I.

4-13

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 1, 1901.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of ADRIETTA P. BALL late of said New Shoreham deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

MACY A. BALL, Administrator with the Will annexed.

4-6-3w.

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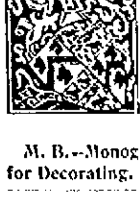

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S. S. THOMPSON.

Selected Tale.

WIFE OF ELDER HAMILTON.

G. D. BRITT.

She was pretty—quite too pretty, some of our girls thought—the new Mrs. Hamilton, with her golden hair and violet eyes and dimples; and we older ones gave to Mr. Hamilton a double portion of pity; the one for his lack of common sense, the other for the consequences sure to follow.

Looking at the slight girlish figure in its perfect-fitting gown and jaunty sealskin coat; at the winsome, laughing face beneath the big blue hat, and catching the faint perfume of the wood violet as she passed, we shook our heads and frowned in silent disapproval. She was pretty—she dressed exquisitely; as Mrs. Banker Reynolds, we would have smiled at her airy graces and called her perfection, but—the wife of an elder in our staid Presbyterian fold! What could he have been thinking of!

Still it was pleasant to see the big house up on the hill wake out of its long sleep and open its eyes upon the world again; to hear the sound of music and oftentimes a blithe, merry laugh; to catch a glimpse of cheery rollicking fires and peep into the conservatory, all aglow with bloom. She had a funny fashion of turning all the bright blossoms every morning towards the street.

A little bit of vanity, akin to all the rest, we thought, and there were some who would not deign a look that way. Absurd, was it? Well, you see, it did seem too bad for dignified Robert Hamilton to place first in that golden heart of his, and then in his beautiful home, this pretty gay butterfly, who would only flutter through life in her graceful, airy, aimless fashion. We knew so well how it would be. She would draw him away from his work—his church. She would make him careless, indifferent; fickle and unstable of purpose. We knew it! And when six months had rolled by, we felt a triumphant sorrow in our prophetic wisdom. Three prayer meetings and two church services had he missed—the first in many years—and there were those who saw the trap with its prancing bays dash by, just as the church bells were ringing out their morning invitation, and there were others who had heard the sounds of lively music on a certain Wednesday night.

Do you wonder that we were indignant?—that the pastor bowed gravely and unsmilingly to the bright little figure which drew up the big black beside the curbing, and proffered him a seat in the pretty cart.

"I thank you, Mrs. Hamilton, but—the King's business requireth haste," and lifting his hat, he passed on.

The fair cheek blushed, a gleam of indignation made the violet eyes a darker hue, then a puzzled, troubled look came into her face, and the big black horse went slowly down the street.

The rebuke must have winged its way home, though, for they were in their places that night at prayer meeting, and Sabbath morning the pastor looked down upon her upturned face and spoke his second warning, slowly and distinctly.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

How could she be so unmoved!

And our hearts hardened toward her, yet a little more.

And she was unwise in her small selfishness. To send us carnations for our flower-table, and then carry a large bunch of exquisite roses into the city to the concert the very next evening! Wasn't that selfish? For she knew—knew that her quaint old rose bowl, filled with those pink roses, would have been a crown of beauty. Now wouldn't it have been wiser to have denied herself that one small vanity and have pleased the young people? Small things, but "trifles make the moments years." There were so many things! Of course, Robert Hamilton was blind, and there were none who cared to make him see. He was a good man, and he had deserved that greatest gift of God—a good wife, but he had made a mistake, like many a wise man before him, and he must suffer. Still we were not prepared! We just could not believe it! There must be some mistake, we told ourselves. At Robert Hamilton's home! A dinner! On prayer meeting night, too! It could not be! But Jenkins, the caterer, had an order of ten covers. And who were the guests? None of the church people. Surely? We asked each other wonderingly, indignantly, and at last we knew! Five clerks from Mr. Hamilton's office, two young men from the bank, and—Donald Sanford! Handsome, impulsive, foolish Don, bartering his birthright for a mess of pottage. And these were the guests! At Robert Hamilton's old home! And a caterer to serve them! I think we wondered if the stately old mansion, with its pride of name and place, would really open its doors to receive them? And Robert Hamilton! Was he bewitched—had he taken leave of his senses?

The pastor sighed heavily, on his way from prayer meeting that night, and his thoughts were more with the straying sheep than those safe in the fold, and as he passed the big house and the sweet strains of music floated out to him, his heart was very bitter toward it. It was time for him to speak—there were things that Robert Hamilton should know—and his face grew stern and hard.

He would go to him tomorrow; but when the morrow came, and he stood by Robert Hamilton's side, and laid his hand on the bowed head, the hardness had fled, and in its place there was a deep and tender pity; for in the darkened room above, the young mistress of the house lay, hurt unto death. The big black had been treacherous to his trust—they were doing their best, the two physicians but there was only a chance, they said.

"Stay with me, Hillis," was the broken whisper, and he stayed. And there in that quiet library, he had a revelation.

She was small, and bent and old, and her hands were knotted and wrinkled, and there was love light in her eyes and tender tremble in her voice.

"The little mistress?" And the pastor answered gently:

"We cannot tell yet."

And then, with the tears rolling over the furrowed cheeks, she told him; just a little thing, but oh, so sweet—a story the angels love to hear. 'Twas one Sabbath morning—a cold, raw day—she and the little grandson were on their way to church. She had slipped on an icy crossing, and trying to save her, the little man had fallen, hitting his head against the stone curbing. With the strength born of love and fear, she had lifted the still form in her feeble arms, and half staggering, half-blind with dread, she was startled when a hand was laid on her shoulder and a sweet voice said:

"Why do you carry such a burden? He is too heavy for your arms."

Then the voice changed: "Oh, he is hurt! And you are carrying him to the doctor's!" Quick as a flash, the owner stepped into the waiting trap. "Hand me the little fellow, Robert; easy, that's it. I'll hold him, my arms are young and strong; he must not feel the jar. Now, quickly to Dr. Bennett's!"

And as in a dream, the dazed, wondering woman found herself speeding down the street, a pair of firm hands guiding the fleet horses. She saw the little figure, in its old rough, coarse winter garments, held tenderly and firmly against a soft sealskin coat, a pair of violet eyes under a big blue hat smiled into her troubled ones, and a voice said softly, "Don't fear—God is good—he will spare him to you." And he did.

Why was it that the pastor turned away his face and his hand trembled as he opened the door for the bent figure which slipped quietly out, a prayer on her lips and in her heart?

And then there came another:—a tall, slim girl, whose white cheeks and heavy eyes told of midnight toil and daily hardship.

"Oh, sir, she must not die! How can I spare her? She brought me life and hope and courage! I had no claim upon her, but she knew I was hungry—starving—for love, and she gave it to me. She found me alone in a great city—alone and desperate! She brought me here, right to her home. She fed me—she clothed me—she took me out into the country for long drives in the cool, fresh air. I was burning up with fever—the fever of care and want and fear.

"She made me see that God was good—not cruel, as I thought he was. And then she found me a home, where I am in no danger. She sold some of my little paintings—she brought me flowers to copy. I had never had teal ones before. And oh! I want to tell her that the beautiful pink roses she brought me last month—have won the prize! She would be glad, I know. Oh, sir! She must not—oh, she must not die."

He could only bow his head—he dared not say a word.

And still he had not learned his lesson!

Just at dusk, the evening shadows began to creep over the still land, the big door swung noiselessly open, and a young man with ashen face stood before him.

"I have—just heard. Have you—let her die?" The words were fierce, and there was a look almost of menace in the brown eyes not good to see. The pastor answered gravely:

"We shall know soon, now, Donald." Then he laid his hand on the young man's arm. "I will send you word; you had better go."

Donald Sanford shook himself free from the detaining hand, with a low bitter laugh.

"You think I have been drinking, Mr. Hillis, and I'm not fit to be in this place, but I have not. I shall never touch another drop!" Then he turned and faced the pastor and his voice was low and tense. "No. I am not drunk nor shall I ever be again! And why? Not because of you!—not because of the people in your church!—but because of her—the best, the truest, the noblest little woman in the world! You walked by on the other side, she stopped. Do you know all she has done for us? Listen!" And there was something in the face before him that stopped the protest on the pastor's lips and made him listen. "Who was it that discovered Frank Dean's love for flowers, and sent him every day a little bunch, and every morning turned the bright blossoms toward the street, to speak to him of home as he went by? Who was it that found out Jack Foster's passion for music, and took him one Sunday to the city to hear the wonderful boy choir? And do you know, Jack goes every Sunday, now! Who was it that gave Howard Russell a key to this library, and put on the table the best and brightest books and papers, and left a light at night to tempt him in? Who was it that sent a little lunch down to Phil Holbrook's those cold nights when he worked so late at the bank? She knew that he would pass the saloon on his way home—cold and hungry.

"So did others—but that was her way. Who was it that met me staggering along the street one night, and turned back from her prayer meeting to take me, a drunken fool, into her home—her sweet, pure home? And I promised to be the next day—that for God and my mother's sake, I would try; and when I've been tempted, I've felt the touch of her little hand and I've heard her say again—'And, Donald, I'll pray.' And many a time she has slipped into my hand a little verse, or a word of praise, and it's helped me to win. And do you know what she did last night? Do you know that there was in town a show—a show with damnation in it? Do you know that it has ruined more men than any twenty ordinary shows?" Yes, we knew, and had weekly prayed the Lord that he would keep our boys from being tempted by it. Oh, yes, we knew—and the pastor groaned, as he listened to the low voice. "Do you know that that little dinner last night kept seven boys from the gates of hell? They could not refuse the pretty invitation—they heard of the music and flowers—that a caterer was to serve—they went, and today they are clean!" Then his voice broke, and he stretched out both hands toward the pastor, "pray Mr. Hillis, pray!"

And with one arm thrown tenderly around the bowed figure, the pastor did pray—prayed as he had never prayed before, and when at last the message came—"She will live,—" the joyful tears rained down over that radiant face, and he was not ashamed, for oh! he had learned his lesson, and please God! he would never need another. I know—for I was that pastor.—Ram's Horn.

An old farmer in Scotland once went to have a troublesome tooth extracted. Said the dentist, after looking at the offending molar:

"It is a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra."

He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After a slight resistance the sufferer consented, proceeding to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying just now!" said the dentist, kindly.

"Hoots!" answered the cautious old Scot, "A wasn't thinking o' that; but if A'm ga'en to sleep A' thought A' wad like to count ma siller fust."—Glasgow Evening Times.

"I am certain that Sue is engaged to Mr. Dinkey," said Miss Kittish to Miss Flypp. "Why, she never mentions him." "That is what convinces me. She used to make all manner of fun of him."

Leslie Carter.

The Woman's Home Companion for April contains an article entitled "The Actress and Her Rewards," from the pen of Leslie Carter, one of America's most famous actresses. Her long experience and remarkable rise qualify her to speak with authority on the advantages of a stage career. She gives the following helpful suggestions to stage aspirants:

"To portray human character on the stage in a manner that carries the imagination of the audience entirely away from the theatre a girl must first learn what that character truly is, what are its natural surroundings, and must know exactly how the human imagination operates, and how the human sympathies are attached or repelled. It is obvious that to do this a girl must first be possessed of a first-class school education; she must then closely study the life about her; then she must read extensively, especially history and dramatic fiction, and such reliable current periodicals as will keep her constantly abreast of the times, not alone in stage matters, but in every other topic of interest to the public in general. In a word, the girl must make herself a thoroughly well-rounded woman of the world. She cannot shut herself up in her castle. She must rub elbows as readily with the riffraff of society as with its most cultivated and refined members.

"When a girl has obtained a general idea of all this she has a chance to become a successful actress. But she must not imagine that she has become one already. Next she must secure a thorough coaching in the technique of acting. This she cannot learn from books. She must seek it at a first-class dramatic school; or better still, she can enlist the services of some private instructor of recognized ability—the better the instructor, the surer and quicker her rise and progress."

Mrs. Gilbert's Dancing Days.

In her "Stage Reminiscences," just published by the Scribners, Mrs. Gilbert has this to say of her training as a stage dancer:

"Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Daly's company first played in London, we were all out at Sir Henry Irving's—he was plain Henry Irving then—in Hampstead, and Mr. Toole asked me how I came to be so perfectly natural and easy on the stage. I forget what I answered, but in the course of conversation I said, some moments later:

"'You know I was trained as a dancer.'

"'That explains it,' cried Mr. Irving.

"'Explains what?' somebody asked.

"'Everything. The ease and naturalness and all.'

"I had never thought the dancing responsible for so much, but I do attribute to that early training my splendid health and spirits and my long life. You know the famous dancers, Taglioni and the rest, lived to be eighty and over.

"I was taught in the Ballet School of Her Majesty's in the Haymarket, the old Her Majesty's theatre that was pulled down only a few years ago to make room for Mr. Tree's present theatre, and the new Carleton hotel. We were taught in return for such services as we could give, 'going on' in the crowd from our very beginning. There was plenty of use for children on the stage in those days of real ballets.

"I think I was about twelve when I began. There was some opposition at home, but my mother finally consented, on condition that I neglected none of my home duties. We were carefully brought up, and from the first had some household work to perform. But it was the training at the theatre that I loved. It was a very serious profession, dancing."

His Only Real Pleasure.

"What good does your money do you, Mr. Armour?" a friend once asked P. D. Armour, according to the Washington Star.

"That is a question," Mr. Armour replied, "I often ask myself. I was raised a butcher boy. I learned to love work for work's sake. I must get up early now, as I have done all my life, and when 9 o'clock comes, no matter what's going on at home, I must get to bed. And here I am. Yes; I have large means, as you say, but I can't eat as much as yonder clerk, I can't sleep as much, and I can hardly wear any more clothes than he. The only real pleasure I can get out of life that yonder clerk with his limited means cannot get is the giving now and then to some deserving fellow without a soul knowing it $500 or $1,000, giving him a fresh start upward without making the gift a hurt to him. That's the only real pleasure I get out of life. And as to possessions, the only thing I sometimes feel I really own are my two boys and my good name. Take everything else from me, leave me them, and I would yet be rich. I wouldn't care a snap for the rest. We would soon together make enough to keep the wolf a long way from our door."

Sam Rawson occasionally said a good thing, and one of these occasions chanced to be the town meeting. The people of Sam's village could not understand how the money appropriated for the roads had vanished with such poor results.

A stretch of road running past Sam's house was in notoriously poor condition, although Sam declared that he had paid liberally to have it put in good order, and there was general interest when Sam rose to make his statement before the selectmen.

"I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, heedless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor. "I don't want to make any fuss, but I'd just like to ask the honorable board of highwaymen——"

That was as far as he could get. A roar of laughter swept over the town meeting and showed its effects in the red faces of the "highwaymen."—Youth's Companion.

"I do want tew take a ride on them steam cars again, Josh," said the good old soul; "but I reckon I'll wait till after Ash Wens'd'y."

"What's that got tew do wit it?" inquired the old man.

"I seened a piece in this week's Vindicator—I didn't jes' read it all—but 'twas something 'bout 'cheap Lenten fare."

Maid (to absent-minded invalid)—The doctor is here, sir.

Absent-minded Invalid—Well, just you tell him I am not able to see anyone today.—Tit-Bits.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Why do they say the divinity school students have an easier time than the law school students?" "It is easier to preach than to practice."—Yale Record.

Ridicule is a blow from the fist, wit the prick of a needle, irony the sting of a bee and humor the plaster which heals all these wounds.—Chicago Daily News.

We have noticed that almost all sick people begin to feel decidedly better after the day's work is done, and all occasion for work is over.—Atchison Globe.

Disgusted Guest—"You wrote that you had ample accommodations for me—this room is a mere closet." Landlord—"Well now, you see, sir, I thought you was a smaller man."—Judge.

"I often wonder what's the best thing to do for the grippe," remarked the stingy man, who was trying to get some advice gratis. "Go without your overcoat," replied the doctor.—Philadelphia Press.

Young Doctor—"Congratulate me! I've just been called to attend my first patient!" Young Lawyer—"Glad to hear it! But hadn't you better take one along? Perhaps he'd better make his will!"—Der Floh.

About Right.—Mistress—"Remember, Bridget, we want dinner served promptly at six. What time is it now?" Bridget—"'Tis three o'clock, joost." Mistress—"Well, you'd better begin to make the frozen custard for dessert in that five-minute ice cream freezer."—Philadelphia Press.

NEW YORK COUNTY SEATS.

Some Capitals Which Have Been Left Behind in the State's Progress.

There are 57 counties in New York outside of the New York city district and some curious facts are shown by a study of the county seats. Rural New Yorkers are very tenacious of their county capitals and only for most serious reasons is one of them changed, says the Sun.

Montgomery county, which was established more than a century and a quarter ago, still has the little village of Ponda, a town of 1,200 inhabitants, as its capital, though Amsterdam is within its boundaries and is the actual capital, to all intents and purposes. Washington county, established in 1772, has the village of Argyle as its capital, although Whitehall and Fort Edward are much more important places. The capital of Allegany county is the little town of Belmont, and Chautauqua, which includes Dunkirk, with a population of 11,600, and Jamestown, with a population of 22,000, has as its capital the village of Mayville.

Genesco, a town of 2,400 people, is the capital of Livingston county. Goshen, a town of 2,500, is the capital of Orange county, which includes Newburgh and Port Jervis. Carmel is the capital of Putnam, and Clarkstown the capital of Rockland, which includes Haverstraw, with a population of 6,000. Bath is the capital of Steuben, which includes the city of Corning, with more than twice Bath's population; Riverhead is the capital of Suffolk county, though Southampton is larger.

In the selection of the original county capitals geographical lines were, before the era of railroads, the only ones regarded. Various New York counties are intersected with highroads, some of which date back to colonial times. When a county was established the town nearest the center was selected as the capital if on a highroad, and thereafter county buildings were constructed in it with a view of permanence and regardless of the industrial developments which might come later. In the building of railroads level surfaces rather than established highroad lines were followed, and as a result of this the capitals are in many cases off the line of travel and not accessible.

Thus Canton, a town of 2,750, is the capital of St. Lawrence county, though Ogdensburg is the chief city and most accessible town, and has a population of 12,600. St. Lawrence became a county in 1802, and it enjoyed until this year the distinction of being the strongest republican county in the state. This year it forfeited that distinction to Onondaga, which includes the city of Syracuse.

Capitals are fixed not by the legislature, but by the boards of supervisors of the several counties, and though legally these capitals are subject to change, it is very seldom that there is any change once the capital is agreed upon. Before consolidation of other territory with New York, Jamaica was the capital of Queens. There is one county in New York which has two capitals, Seneca, a small western county between Cayuga lake and Seneca lake. Both its capitals have historic names. Ovid is one, Waterloo is the other.

Destruction by Trains.

A signalman with a turn for natural history has shown once again the extent of the destruction wrought by drains. He has kept a list, which, though necessarily not exhaustive, is immensely long, of the victims along a stretch of line about three miles. The list includes cats, foxes, dogs, hundreds of rats, rabbits, a cow, a sheep, an adder, a long-eared bat, a hedgehog and thousands of frogs. Among the birds are a kingfisher, a kestral hawk, rooks and nightjays, to say nothing of the more familiar species.—Chicago Chronicle.

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Providence,ar	11 10	3 18	5 50	9 50
Boston,ar	1 18	4 10	7 40	11 00
New York	4 00	6 57	11 00	B
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave				
New Y'k	*12 02	*3 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	—	10 03	1 03	8 00
Prov.	—	11 11	2 10	4 15
Newport,arr	6 35	1 00	4 00	6 40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

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ON and after Dec. 31, 1900, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 7.10, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 6.15 p. m. Return 6.42, 8.18, 10.42 a. m., 12.18, 3.18, 4.48, 6.00, 6.42 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 6.15 p. m. PORTSMOUTH GROVE (leg stop), 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m. BRISTOL FERRY, TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 6.15 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 7.00, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.00 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m., 3 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.15 a. m., 12.27, 4.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 6.15 p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 5 p. m.

a Boat from Fall River
c Wharf Station.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Boston.
C. PETER CLARK Gen'l Sup't. Boston.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1900.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Newport—**7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, *6.45, 7.15, *7.45, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport—**6.50, **6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, *10.45 p. m.

**To Portsmouth and return.
*Not run Sundays.
*To Portsmouth only.

More frequent trips will be run Sundays and holidays.

Office at Portsmouth, R. I., is connected with long distance telephone. Special cars may be had up on application at the office of this company or at the office of the Globe Street Railway Co., at Fall River.

R. S. GOFF, General Manager.

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COKE.
DELIVERED:
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These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
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ON FERRY WHARF,
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ALL HORSESHOEING
—AND—
JOBBING
promptly attended to at either place.
J. B. BACHELLER.

Spring-Cleaning Hints.

It is not only the housewife, but all her belongings, that proclaim at this season that housecleaning is at hand, for during no part of the year are so many defects apparent in furnishings. The carpet that has helped the room to an air of comfort during the winter suddenly shows unmistakable signs of wear, while the upholsterings reveal evidences of usage. Picture frames have lost their glitter, the leather of sofas and chairs and screens is dull, and even the bronzes, brasses and marbles, which are supposed to be cleaned regularly, show the need of more than the usual care.

Work should begin at the top of the house, and unless there are to be new decorations involving paper hanging and papering, no more rooms should be upset at a time than can be finished in one day. All bedding should have several hours in the yard in the sun and air. The winter blankets should be laundered and packed away for summer, and the warm weather ones brought out. All furs and winter garments should be thoroughly brushed and beaten and put away as soon as they are laid aside. This will prevent an increase of work later to rid them of moths, and will save them from danger of ruin by the pests. Many old housekeepers declare that printer's ink is particularly distasteful to moths, and that articles securely wrapped in newspapers, if free from contamination when put away, will be as safe from such intruders as if a whole pharmacy of chemicals were done up with them.

Soft newspaper is excellent, too, for polishing windows and mirrors. Before the windows are washed every outside shutter should be taken off and thoroughly cleaned. A note should be made of all needed repairs—broken blinds, loose putty, hinges that need a screw, castors that are uncertain, chair spindles that have been loosened by standing near heaters, and the thousand and one discrepancies that suddenly present themselves.

A cloth wrung from hot milk will restore the lustre of leather furniture. Polished wood should not be cleaned with water unless actually dirty. In that case a sponge should be used, and a speedy polishing with oil and turpentine should follow. A few drops of oil and a brisk rubbing will efface many of the spots on furniture.

Varnished furniture which shows hard usage will be improved by first washing it with warm soapsuds and then rubbing it with a mixture of equal parts of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and vinegar. White spots caused by heat will sometimes disappear if a moderately hot flatiron is held over them for a few minutes—not, of course, touching the wood. Frequent rubbings with olive oil prevent fine inlaid and mosaic furniture from cracking, and the same remedy is excellent for olivewood boxes and tables. Cane chair bottoms are improved by thorough soakings in hot water, and a later drying in the sun and air.

The Future World Centre.

But great as is the local development in all parts of the State of Washington, it sinks into insignificance compared with the prospective transcontinental and oceanic business already heading for Puget Sound, says W. D. Lyman in the April Atlantic. Consult again the map, and note the position that this body of water occupies with respect to the world. It sounds extravagant now, but sober and cool-headed business men, familiar with the facts, believe that Washington holds the key to the future commerce of the world. She stands at the crossroads of the nations, at the confluence of the commodities of the four quarters of the globe. She is the successor of Phoenicia, Carthage, and England, as the natural exchange point of all lands. Europe and the United States are at her back, Alaska and British Columbia at her right hand, the tropics at her left, and the population of the world in front. Formerly California was supposed to be the natural centre of our western frontage. We cannot discredit the magnificent location and resources of that state, but it is true that Washington is gaining on California by leaps and bounds. This is due to three causes; first, Washington has five transcontinental railways in reach. California is under the despotism of one; second, the vast developments of Alaska and British Columbia have made Puget Sound the hub of Pacific coast trade; third, and most important, the route to the Orient is materially shorter by Puget Sound than by the Golden Gate.

Free to Speak His Mind.

Old Dr. X. never enjoyed the reputation of being a religious man. In fact, his belief in the sincerity of things spiritual, as expressed by the world at large, was usually summed up by the words poppycock, folderol and the like, uttered in a contemptuous snort. Meeting one day a minister of the vicinity in which he lived, he was reminded of the fact that the minister had but lately inherited, through the death of a relative, a considerable sum of money.

"Mr. D.," he said, addressing the gentleman in question, "I understand that you have acquired quite a considerable fortune from the dear departed, your uncle."

"From my cousin, Dr. X," corrected Mr. D., a trifle disconcerted.

"Then I am to understand that you are no longer dependent upon the charity of your congregation for support?" continued the doctor.

Mr. D. bowed stiffly in acknowledgment.

"Than, Mr. D.," whispered the old man eagerly, "give 'em hades!"—New York Mail and Express.

Landlord's Repartee.

One of those drummers who do a good deal of driving about the country delights in telling about an old time boniface who runs a country hotel within a day's drive of Detroit.

"Sharp as a tack," declares the drummer. "Always as smooth as oil until some one tries to make a run on him, and then he can get back harder, faster and in fewer words than any man I ever heard talk.

"I saw a man come in there one day from the city. He is all right at home, but was feeling his oats that day and opened upon the old landlord by saying: 'Hello, grandad, get your frame into circulation. Don't sit around here like a bump on a log. I want accommodation for man and beast.'

"'Where's the man?' asked the old chap in a flash."—Detroit Free Press.

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," she wrote to the patent medicine house. "Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"—The Smart Set.

An Unexplained Impulse.

"The strange temptation to cast themselves into space which assails so many people when they look down from places is very hard to account for scientifically," said a well known neurologist of this city. "It has undoubtedly been the cause of hundreds of self destruction yet it cannot certainly be classed as a suicidal impulse, because those who experience it invariably resist with all their strength and hang back in an agony of dread and repulsion. They don't want to kill themselves, but some power stronger than will, stronger even than love of life, draws them irresistibly over the brink.

"People with this singular infirmity," continued the doctor; "should never expose themselves to danger, because the impulse acts automatically, and may at any moment pass beyond control. On one occasion, when I was considerably younger than I am at present, I undertook to cure a patient who could not look from a height, and the experience left an everlasting impression on my mind.

"He was a big strapping fellow of 35 or so, a cabinet-maker by trade, and the last man apparently, to be bothered by nervous fancies. I had an idea that by making him look persistently into space for a certain length of time each day I could drive away the dread and the impulse. So I took him to the top of a six story building that had a flat roof and told him to lie down on his stomach so only the upper part of his face projected over the edge and look at the street. He was very reluctant to try it. 'I'm afraid to, doctor,' he said earnestly. 'If I do my legs will fly up in the air and I'll go sure.'

"'O nonsense,' I said, laughing. 'How in the world could your legs fly up in the air? How can you possibly fall when your whole body is stretched out on the roof?'

"'I don't care,' he insisted doggedly. 'I know my legs will fly up in the air if I try to look over the edge.'

"After a great deal of persuasion I finally induced him to lie down as I had directed, telling him to shut his eyes until he became composed. As soon as he opened them and looked into the street, a strong shudder ran through his whole body and I knew he must be suffering mortal agony, but I determined to go through the lesson and urged him strongly not to draw back. Possibly a minute elapsed and then a shocking thing occurred. Suddenly and without the slightest warning he seized the edge of the parapet with both hands, drew his body violently forward, at the same time flinging up his legs, and would undoubtedly have gone over the edge if I had not thrown myself instantly on his back.

"The movement was purely convulsive and involuntary. He could no more help it than he could help breathing but it made my blood run cold to think what might have happened. How could I have explained myself had he fallen? I might readily have been suspected of murder. I dragged him back and we went down stairs, a pretty agitated couple. Since then I have tried no more experiments along that line."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Disenchanted.

"Mamma, I hate him!"

"Whom, child?"

"Eulet Melone!"

With flashing eye and a flush of indignation on her usually alabaster brow she turned and faced her mother.

"I hate him," she repeated.

"What for, child?"

She did not reply at once.

Reared in luxury, without one want of her delicate, sensitive Harvard avenue nature unsatisfied, Glycerine McCurdy had reached the prime of young womanhood with several months to spare, and life still loomed before her like a grand, lofty, gorgeous battle panorama in a circular brick building at 50 cents per, children half price, and free list entirely suspended. Years before, while in her carefree, angel cake stage, she had met Eulet Melone and fallen passionately, deliriously in love.

Wondrous period of gushing girlhood, when the soul, under the influence of love and chocolate caramels, opens like a rose and expands into a radiant beauty of—however, this does not advance the action of the story and is contrary to the amended rules under which the regular operative with a card of the Fiction Builders' Union in his inside pocket must work. Let us, therefore, break away, my dears, and grapple again with narrative.

"Why do you hate him, child?" asked the mother. "Has he——."

"Listen!" imperiously exclaimed the daughter. "It is not a story of perfidy. I could bear that. It is not that his love has grown cold. I could endure even that. It is worse. You remember I went shopping down town this morning?"

"Yes."

"At noon, feeling hungry, I went into a convenient restaurant for a luncheon."

"Yes."

"I sat down at a little table in one corner. At a table some distance away was Eulet Melone. His back was turned toward me and he did not see me. What do you think he was doing?"

A shudder ran through her frame and her voice had a choking sound.

"I am sure I cannot imagine, child."

"He was putting molasses on his pie!"—Chicago Tribune.

Teaching Men to Cook.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said there were three things every boy ought to learn—how to row a boat, harness a horse, and cook his own dinner. If Emerson were still here below, it would gratify him to read the following item:

The men's chafing dish course, carried on at the home of the Brooklyn Catholic Women's Association, has just opened, with twenty-three members present. This is the third season of this course, which is one of the most popular connected with the Association. The priest of the parish is especially interested in it, and is usually present at its meetings. The teacher is a well-known professional, and the men become highly proficient by the end of the course. It was the experience of the New York Household Economic Association, in attempting to conduct a similar class, that it would be welcome, and it was abandoned with regret for lack of means to carry it on. One workingman who came to join the class after it had been given up expressed his regret. He explained that his wife was dead, that she had left several little children, and that he was eager to learn to do some cooking for them.

"You seem to be very fond of coffee," said the landlady, as she passed over the sixth cup. "It looks like it," returned the boarder, "when I'm willing to swallow so much water for the sake of getting a little."

Where We Get Our Furs.

Seventy-five per cent. of all the furs worn in the world are of American product, writes an authority to the New York Tribune. The only furs of importance found in Europe are Russian sable, ermine, silver fox and mink. Persian lamb comes from the Orient, as do also the astrakhans. Seal, Hudson Bay sable, otter, mink, beaver, lisher lynx, every kind of fox and bear and wolverene, are at their best in America.

Russian sable, otter and seal skins are the most valuable furs and are always a good investment, because even, after fifty years of wear, they show the lustre for which they are famous. Some of the Hudson Bay sable is so like the Russian that it takes an expert eye to detect the difference.

Ermine is found in the coldest quarters of Russia and Siberia. This fur was once used only for loyalty, and the finest skins obtained this year were bought up to be used in lining the train and mantle of the robe in which the Queen of Holland will appear at her reception after her return from the honeymoon. The ermine, notwithstanding the beauty of its coat, is, like the other weasels, an indefatigable fighter, and will win in a contest with superior fleetness, and even of strength, because of its tirelessness and persistence.

The finest mink skins come from Labrador and northern Canada. The skin of the mink is used as a totem, or emblem of a tribe, by the Indians. Chinchilla, the most delicate and exquisite fur in the world, is obtained in South America. To the animal's diet, which is composed almost entirely of bulbous roots, is ascribed the silky texture of its fur.

Of the fox furs the silver fox is the rarest, not more than two thousand skins being obtained yearly. The cross fox ranks next in value, while the beautiful brush and rich color of the red fox makes it popular. The fur of the blue fox, which is of a purplish slate color, is obtained in Greenland, Labrador and on the Alaska islands. Only in the frozen regions on the far north is the white or Arctic fox found. The fur of this animal is pure white in winter, except for the tip of its tail, which is black. Virginia and the Southern States produce the gray fox.

Astrakhan lambs are natives of southern Russia, and are far inferior to the Persian lamb.

She Belonged to the Service.

The wife of Colonel Liscum, who was killed in the famous charge of the Ninth Infantry at Tientsin, is really responsible for the title of Frederick Palmer's "The Ways of the Service" which the Scribners will publish early in April. A false report that Liscum had led his regiment into an impossible position had been circulated. After Palmer's return from the relief of Pekin, Mrs. Liscum's card was sent up to his room at the Nagasaki hotel.

"Well, it's hardly a pleasant task," he said to a friend (an officer), "to tell as devoted a wife as Mrs. Liscum how her husband was killed."

"Oh, she will be a good deal cooler than you are," was the response. "It's not the way of the women of the Service to weep on an occasion like that. They keep their tears for their rooms."

Mrs. Liscum's grief-stricken face told what she had suffered. Though her voice was quavering she was composed and her eyes were dry.

"Your husband's conduct could not have been more courageous. His death was such as a soldier would have chosen," Palmer began.

"Of course he was brave," she replied. "That is taken for granted with an officer of the regular service. What I came ashore from the transport to ask you is if my husband, who had been in the army from boyhood, took men into a flank fire."

Palmer told how he had heard a British General assign her husband to a veritable slaughter pen, and he made plans of the field showing her how coolly and scientifically the Colonel had set about extricating himself when he fell

"I knew it was impossible. General MacArthur said it was," she replied. "But he was not there and you were. I wanted the facts. I knew that they would show that my husband had never led his regiment into a cul de sac."

And then tears of pride glistened in Mrs. Liscum's eyes.

The Senate and the Bosses.

But in the Senate there has been a decline, not in the ability of the senators, says The World's Work, but in their relation to the public welfare. Patronagemongers, bosses, campaign managers, representatives of "interests," find their way there in increasing numbers. There are senators who could not be elected to the House for any Congressional district; and there are men whose seats have been directly bought—not alway nor oftenest by the senators themselves, but by the "interests" that they stand for or are identified with. Responsible to no definite public constituency, there are always senators who turn foreign relations to partisan or personal profit. They seek to please some faction of a party or to drive a bargain with the President for offices. If we ever have the frank confessions of any recent President, we shall be sure to hear that the Senate gave him more trouble and balked his administration oftener for petty purposes than all other influences of the government, and oftenest stood in the way of public welfare.

A draper's assistant was showing a lady some parasols. The assistant had a good command of language, and knew how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best points of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it he struck an attitude of admiration, and, holding it up to the best light that could be had, said:

"Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk. Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense about that parasol, is there?" he said, as he handed it over to the lady. "Ain't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said the lady: "that's my old one—I just laid it down here."—Fun.

He—Do you think you really need a new dress now?

She—You don't know anything about it. I wish I had known before I married you what a stupid you are.

He—You might have guessed it easily when I offered to marry you.—Pick Me Up.

CASTORIA.
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Women's Dep't.

Japanese Working Girls.

If I were asked to say of all that I saw in Japan, what is it that lives most vividly in my memory, says a writer in the Century, I should probably shock my artistic reader by saying that it was the loading of a steamship at Nagasaki with coal. The huge vessel, the "The Empress of Japan," was one morning, soon after its arrival at Nagasaki, suddenly festooned—I can use no other word—from stem to stern on each side with a series of hanging platforms, the broadest nearest the base and diminishing as they rose, strung together by ropes, and ascending from the sampans, or huge boats in which the coal had been brought alongside the steamer, until the highest and narrowest platform was just below the particular porthole through which it was received into the ship. There were, in each case, along the sides of the ship, some four or five of these platforms, one above another, on each of which stood a young girl. On board the sampans men were busy filling a long line of baskets holding, I should think, each about two buckets of coal, and these were passed up from the sampans in a continuous and unbroken line until they reached their destination, each young girl, as she stood on her particular platform, passing, or rather almost throwing, these huge basketfuls of coal to the girl above her, and she again to her mate above her, and so on to the end. The rapidity, skill, and, above all, the rythmic precision with which, for hours, this really tremendous task was performed was an achievement which might well fill an American athlete with dismay. As I moved to and fro on the deck above them, watching this unique scene, I took out my watch to time these girls, and again and again I counted sixty-nine baskets—they never fell below sixty—passed on board in this way in a single minute. Think of it for a moment. The task—I ought rather call it an art, so neatly, simply, and gracefully was it done—was this: the young girl stooped to her companion below her, seized from her uplifted hands a huge basket of coal, and then, shooting her lithe arms upward, tossed it laughingly to the girl above her in the ever-ascending chain. And all the while there was heard, as one passed along from one to another of these chains of living elevators, a clear, rhythmical sound, which I supposed at first to have been produced by some bystander striking the metal string of something like a mandolin, but which I discovered after a little while was a series of notes produced by the lips of of these young coal-heavers themselves—distinct, precise, melodious and stimulating. And at this task these girls continued, uninterruptedly and blithely from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, putting on board in that time, I was told, more than one thousand tons of coal. I am quite free to say that I do not believe that there is another body of work folk in the world who could have performed the same task in the same time and with the same ease.

Women's Clubs and Club Women

A plan of the civic work of the Woman's Club of Denver may be of value now, when other clubs are discussing outlines for next season's work. The civic work is in charge of the Department of Reform Committee. The Membership Committee is divided up into sub-committees covering different fields, as city improvement, temperance, public health, civil service, legislative, public institutions, jails, hospitals, and nurseries, together with special committees operating with special local homes, missions, and associations. Besides the active work of the committee, monthly meetings are held at which relevant topics are discussed, and twice during the year the committee contributes to the general club meetings. Some of the topics discussed at the special meetings were: "The Ethics of Dissection" and "Vivisection in the Schoolroom;" "Is Vivisection of Value to Medical Science?"; "Can the Principle of the Town Meeting be Extended to our Cities?"; "Civic Beauty"; "Shall the Poor Man go to the Park, or the Park to the Poor Man?"; "Municipal Pawn-Shops as an Ameliorating Agency." One of the club meetings was given to a study of woman's dress under the sub-topics: "How Shall Women Breathe?"; "The Corset Liver in Autopsy," an illustrated talk by a woman physician; "Pockets;" "Length of Skirt;" "The Trilby Foot;" and "The Laws of Art Applied to the Form, Color, and Ornamentation of Dress."

She Being Dead Yet Speaketh.

One of the finest testimonials ever given to the memory of a woman was an episode which occurred at the recent National Convention of the American Federation of Labor, at Louisville, Ky. The National Liquor Dealers' Association came before the convention with a formal offer that the two bodies should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance. The liquor dealers offered to bind themselves hereafter to employ only union bar-tenders and waiters, and to sell only union-made beer and spirits. Their representatives lobbied vigorously in behalf of the proposed agreement, treating the delegates and offering material aid. But when the offer came before the convention, Mr. John B. Lennon, of Illinois, for many years treasurer of the Federation, made an impassioned speech, in which he recalled the influence of Frances E. Willard on the side of organized labor, and in her name appealed to the delegates to vote down the proposition. The result was its defeat by an almost unanimous vote.

It is a noteworthy fact that the English labor unions have endorsed the local option bills before Parliament, and now the American Labor Federation refuses an alliance with the liquor dealers, who offered material cooperation. If the influence of one noble woman suffragist thus outlasts her life, how powerful and beneficent will be that of universal womanhood when it is felt in the politics of State and Nation.—H. B. R.

Miss Dutcher, of Omaha, Neb., has been granted the concession for the exclusive manufacture of souvenir badges for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Dutcher has been agitating her plan for some time, and it was acted upon at the late convention in Washington.

"You don't mean to say you've left old Krusty's employ?"

"Yes, he made a certain remark in my hearing that made it simply impossible for me to remain there any longer."

"Really? What did he say?"

"He said: Get your pay, and get out of here."—Philadelphia Press.

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The Indian and the Northwest.

A handsomely illustrated book just issued, bound in cloth and containing 115 pages of interesting historical data relating to the settlement of the great Northwest, with fine half-tone engravings of Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and other noted chiefs; Custer's battleground and ten colored map plates showing location of the various tribes dating back to 1600. A careful review of the book impresses one that is a valued contribution to the history of these early pioneers, and a copy should be in every library. Price, 50 cents per copy. Mailed postage prepaid upon receipt of amount by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill. 4-6-Sw

$50.00 to California and Back This Summer.

An illustrated book, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer, at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R'y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only $50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to Mr. W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-30-6w

Excited voice (at telephone)—City editor?

The Other Voice—Yes.

Excited Voice—This is Glubbs. Say, there's a man working on the new postoffice building!

The Other Voice (becoming eager)—Good heavens! Procure other witnesses, get their affidavits, take a snap shot of the man and the building, and hurry back to the office. I'll schedule the story for three columns.—Chicago Tribune.

Boston, with 41,000 arrests in a year and 550 miles of streets, has 1,100 policemen.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is without a doubt the quickest and most reliable cure for croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. No child should be left to suffer the tortures of these ailments, when parents can get this wonderful remedy for only 25 cents.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Success is slow to young M. D's
Who yearn for living good and fat:
They gain their title by degrees
And must have patients after.—Phila. Press.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell it at 50 cents or will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

There are 10,000 policemen in London, 9,000 in Paris and 6,500 in Berlin.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carters Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

Buffalo, with 650 miles of streets and 25,000 arrests in a year, has 750 policemen.

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A writer in a magazine has this to say regarding the game of golf: "Gawf is a great game, but shiver me nibblicks if I think it comes up to tiddledywinks." It is played "with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of instruments resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindoostani, any old clothes, and a large assortment of oaths."

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Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, April 20, 1901.

NOTES.

WHEATON—Will Mr. George M. Wheaton of Worcester, Mass., who answered me by letter in Wheatons, kindly send his street address to Mrs. George W. Smith, 11 East 32nd St., New York city; as all letters sent to the General Delivery at Worcester have been returned.—S.

PERRY—In a copy of Barclay's "Apology", Newport, 1729, evidently owned at one time by Edward Perry, of Portsmouth, I find the following entries on the back fly-leaf:

"Edward Perry was born October 6th, 170 (?).

"Sarah Perry, my wife, was born September 3, 1712.

"We were joyned together in marriage March 25, 1733.

"Our son Edward Perry was born June 12, 1734.

"Our daughter Mary Perry was born May 24, 1736.

"Our daughter Ruth Perry was born September 25, 1738."—C. S. B.

BLACKMER—I send for insertion in the MERCURY a genealogical sketch which I offer for corrections or any additions. Some of it I have verified by Arnold's Vital Statistics.

"Sir Henry Blackmer landed in Rhode Island and later went to Woodstock, Conn., where he died about 1795. He left four sons," my notes say. The above contradicted by Rev. Levi Blackmer who moved from Rhode Island to Saratoga. "One of these sons was Adonijah, born 1742, married Lillis Cook, who was born 1747." I wish to call attention to the name Lillis Cook. We find this name a generation earlier in Tiverton in the family of John and Alice (Southworth) Cook, and I think she is a granddaughter. Can anyone tell? "Adonijah in 1771 was in Dudley, Mass., and some time afterwards; then moved to Walworth, N. Y. Stephen Blackmer, another son, moved from Rhode Island to Saratoga county, N. Y., and Caius Blackmer, another son, moved from Rhode Island to Dutchess county and Greene county, N. Y. Joseph Blackmer, second son of Adonijah and Lillis Blackmer, born in Woodstock, 1773, married Polly Barns, 1794, by Rev. Mr. Graves; lived in Dudley till 1801, when they moved to Greenville, Greene county, N. Y., in 1818 to Cato, Cayuga county, N. Y., then to Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., where he died in 1863."

I would like to know more of Lillis Cook and would like all her family. Vital Statistics of Smithfield say: Levi Blackmer, son of Henry and Jane, born Nov. 25, 1741. Adonijah Blackmer, son of the same, born Sept. 9, 1743. Adonijah Blackmer and Lillis Cook married by Daniel Mowry, Jr., April 22, 1768. Henry Blackmer and Jane or Jean Arnold married by T. Sayles, Just., Feb. 18, 1739. Besides on Smithfield records there were Stephen, Caius and Lucretia.—M. L. T. A.

QUERIES.

1911. MACOMBER—Ephraim Macomber, son of Benjamin, born Sept. 7, 1705, and Sarah ——, born Sept. 23, 1718, was born in Tiverton, R. I., March 5, 1749-50, he being the youngest of five children, the others being Lydia, Michael, Wright, and Benjamin, whose births are recorded. Ephraim married Patience Fish, Sept. 20, 1767, and had the following named children: Comfort, Sarah, Eber, Joseph, Ann, Ephraim, Jessie, Richard, John, Patience, Deliverence, Benjamin and Peace, whose dates of births are given in Arnold's Vital Records. There was also a daughter named Alice or "Elce" who is not mentioned in A. V. R. She married Robert Dennis, and they were my great-grandparents. Ann married George Allen, Peace became the wife of Lawton Brown of Tiverton, and one of the daughters married —— Chadwick. Adeline, a daughter of Lawton and Peace Brown, married Hiram Wordell of Westport. Ephraim Macomber was a Revolutionary soldier, and I have a copy of his record. The list of children born to Ephraim and Patience shows that they began with Comfort, ended with Peace and had Patience in the meantime, from which we may infer that their union was a happy one.

I give the above particulars, hoping they may meet the eye of some interested descendant of Ephraim and Patience, who can give me the family name of Sarah, the wife of Benjamin, his line back to William, who settled in Old Dartmouth about 1650, and the parentage of Patience Fish. Town records do not give the information sought, but family Bibles or other private records may.—P. D. H.

1912. WEEDEN—The records of the First Sabbatarian Church of Newport, R. I., have the name Rachel Weeden on the list 1662 and Sept. 7, 1708. Ancestry wanted.—E. F. W.

1913. VAUGHN, BAILEY—Wanted, the birth and death of Mary Vaughn, widow of David Vaughn, and daughter of Caleb Bailey, of West Greenwich, R. I. E. F. W.

1914. SWEET—Wanted, the ancestry of Naomi Sweet, of East Greenwich, R. I., born Sept. 5, 1752.—E. F. W.

1915. WEEDEN—Wanted, the ancestry of Caleb Weeden, who married Lydia —— (Maiden name wanted and ancestry). They had a daughter Mercy, born at South Kingstown, R. I., Sept. 21, 1759, and a son Edward, born in East Greenwich, R. I., Jan. 29, 1755, and the record there says that he was the fifth son of Caleb. There is recorded at Warwick, R. I., the marriage of Elizabeth Weeden and Moses Mudge, Dec. 17, 1765; ancestry of Elizabeth wanted.—E. F. W.

1916. COGGESHALL—The following is a list of names I have collected but I have been unable to locate them in the families to which they belong. Can anyone help me out by giving the parent's names, etc., of the following?

COGGESHALL.

Long Island:
John, m Love B. Collin, Oct. 31, 1821
Almy, m Robert Elliott, Jan. 1, 1730
Matthew, m Elizabeth—had Stoddard and Annie
Mary, m Brice Eules, Mar. 1, 1743

Bristol:
William, m Patience Ryder, 10, 18, 1772
Mary, m William Bruff, Apr. 26, 1771
Mary, m Henry Dayton, June 25, 1773
Mary, m Walter Bodman, Sept. 13, 1778
Elizabeth m William Holmes 10, 17, 1751
Avis, m John Weaver, May 10, 1750
Rebecca, m James Weaver, Oct. 31, 1751
Content, m Wm. Weaver, Aug. 30, 1750
Elizabeth, m Edward Cornell, 11, 2, 1762
Mary, m William Brown, May 25, 1760
Henry, m Ann Eliza B. Shaw 8, 20, 1819
Oliver P., m Isadore P. Little 9, 6, 1803
Wm B., m Margaret Mann, 8, 22, 1839
Louisa A., m Charles A. White 1, 5, 1852
Matilda, m Robert A. Niles, 9, 18, 1867
Emeline, m John H. Harlow, ——, 1849
Sarah, m James Smith, Mar. 9, 1837
Eliza, m George Craig, Oct. 30, 1810

Tiverton:
Judith, m Thomas Sawyer, 9, 30, 1781
Sarah, m Elijah Williams, Sept. 16, 1800
Celia, m Hook Eddy, April 17, 1806

Warwick:
Joseph, m Lydia Bates, Nov. 21, 1762
Velette, m Martin Johnson, Dec. 15, 1769
Joseph, m Elizabeth Godfrey, 6, 18, 1899

Bristol:
Hannah, m William White, Feb. 6, 1773
Catherine, m Jonathan Ellis, Oct. 16, 1745
Eliza E., m Chas. J. Bradford, Mar. 5, 1827

Little Compton:
Mary, m Stephen Brownell, Dec. 11, 1803

Newport:
Ann, m Christopher Dickinson, 10, 6, 1730
Freelove, m Anthony Bennett, 8, 16, 1720
Charles, m Hannah Spooner, Oct., 1781.
Amey, m. Thos Chadwick, Nov. 29, 1769
Abigail, m John Clark, Mar. 1, 172–
Daniel, m Susan Clark, Aug. 12, 1736
Elizabeth, m James Pearin, 12, 14, 1738
Hannah, m —— Deene, Jan. 16, 1768

Portsmouth:
Mary, m Job Briggs, Sept. 20, 1731
Elisha, m Naomi Cornell, 6, 30, 1755
William, m Mary Andrews, Jan. 3, 1742
Ann, m Enoch Butts, March 22, 1746
Hannah, m Matthew Borden about 1700

East Greenwich:
Sarah, m William James, May 30, 1810

Coventry:
Sarah G., m Amos R. Sweet, Sept. 3, 1818

Cranston:
Edward Y., m Mary C. Batty, 10, 10, 1849

N. Providence:
Joseph, m Sarah Thomas, 12, 30, 1841

Smithfield:
Sally C., m Whipple Arnold, 2, 26, 1839
Eleanor, m Leonard Scott, 8, 12, 1839
Rebecca, m Isaac Gannet, June 13, 1795
Sarah, m William Michaels, 1, 18, 1795

Norwich, Conn.:
Daniel, m Rebecca Heath, widow of Joseph Heath, Nov. 12, 1788.
Bathsheba, m Thomas Hawes, 5, 24, 1836
Elizabeth, m William Fortune, 10, 19, 1805
Catherine, m William Taber, 2, 11, 1786
Joshua, m Mary Soule, had Peter, b. 1, 1719
John, m Amey Dwelley, Tiverton 12, 1739
from him is descended the Tiverton branch

New Bedford:
Sarah, m Pardon A. Davis, Aug. 29, 1861
Nancy, m John B. Potter, July 14, 1835
Eliza, m Capt. David Tarr, June 9, 1817
Sarah, m. W. B. Snow, of Prov., 10, 20, 1847

Pawtucket:
Joseph, m Hannah Dennis

Warwick:
Joseph, m Hannah Waterman, 12, 20, 1808
Mary, m Edward Watson
Anne, m Joseph Wilcox, Jr., 4, 19, 1747
Josiah, m Sarah Hawes, Jan. 17, 1757
Mary, died Tiverton, Sept. 21, 1714
Rebecca, died Bristol, Dec. 17, 1832
John, died Bristol, Oct. 25, 1768, ag. 19
Nicholas, died Bristol, Aug. 13, 1788, ag. 20
George, died Bristol, July 19, 1802, ag. 60
Thomas, died Bristol, Nov. 5, 1815, ag. 26
George, born Warwick, Nov. 21, 1761
Mary A., born Warwick, April 11, 1810.
Samuel, died Marietta, O., 5, 9, 1807, ag. 66.
Joshua, m Mary —— was living South Coventry, Ct., 1748—had son Joshua m Lucy Dow, Apr. 21, 1748.—C. P. C.

1917. HICKS—Abigail Hicks married, 1737-8, William Davol, of Dartmouth. In 1757 they moved away from Dartmouth. Can any one tell me where to, or has any one any record of William or Abigail later than 1757?—E. F. H.

1918. SMITH—Wanted, the parentage of Lewis Smith who married Bethiah Lee. Lewis Smith was born in the early part of 1760 in Rhode Island. —A. N. H.

1919. LEE—Wanted, parentage of Bethiah Lee, who married above Lewis Smith.—A. N. H.

1920. BROWN—Wanted, parentage of Mary Brown who married Ezekiel Wood, of Uxbridge, Mass., 1732.—A. N. H.

1921. SISSON—James Sisson, of Dartmouth, Mass., married Lydia Hathaway and had the following children:

1, Richard, born Feb. 10, 1682; 2, Mary, born Feb. 26, 1685; 3, James; 4, Jonathan; 5, Philip; 6, Thomas; 7, Content; 8, Sarah; 9, Hannah; 10, Rebecca.

Can any one give me the names of the husbands and wives of the above mentioned children?—M. N.

1922. FALCONER—Can any one give me the names of descendants of David Falconer and wife Elizabeth, of Malden, Mass.? Was John Falconer, who was born 1747 and died in Westchester County in 1831, their grandson?—C. T. R. M.

1923. CARR—Robert Carr, born 1735, at Greenwich, R. I., married Rebecca Brayton, of Coventry, R. I. Children were: Mary Carr, born 1755; Peleg; Sarah; Caleb; Joanna; Thomas; Rebecca. Can any one give me the name of Mary's husband? Think she married William Kettel. Quick response will be especially welcomed.—C. W. W.

ANSWERS.

1787. ROGERS—Last fall among Mr. James Rogers' genealogical data I saw an abstract of a will of James Rogers, of Richmond, R. I., in 1755, wife Elizabeth, in which he speaks of his children, James, John, Samuel, Stephen, Robert and Harper, and daughter Susannah Bland or Brand. It was a brief abstract only, but the full text ought to give more. In all probability this James is son of Rev. James, of Newport, died 1719, also with wife Elizabeth. Does not this settle the question?

Now if Mr. Rogers will only include this family in his Rogers book, I know of many descendants who will be only too grateful.

Now we see a reason for James, who died 1755, naming his sons John and James, but why Robert, Harper and Stephen? Somewhere I had seen lately something of a Robert Harper and last evening in looking over a volume of Rhode Island Historical Magazine (Vol. 5, No. 1, April, 1885, page 321) I find:

Edward Perry (Edward) marries, Oct. 16, 1705, possibly as his second wife, Eliphal Smith. He died between 1719 and 1728 and his widow married 2nd, 1728, Stephen Harper, probably son of Robert and Deborah (Perry) Harper.

This Deborah (Perry) Harper, was sister, as I understand it, of the first Edward Perry, who married Mary Freeman, daughter of Hon. Edmund Freeman. Edward Perry, 1st., had a son Samuel, who moved to Kingston and he had sons in Richmond, etc. (See this same volume.) I feel sure of the two Elizabeths in this line will be found to be Harpers.

Now in the line of Rev. James (son of James, died 1755, etc.), who married Mercy Tefft, his son, Gen. Thomas Rogers, went to Washington County, N. Y.; married Abigail, said to be born in Rhode Island. Evidently on the way to New York they were in Chatham, Middlesex County, Conn., and there Halsey was born. This name Halsey only occurs in this family and it is probable it came through the wife Abigail. Can any one tell? Austin has a George Halsey in Newport and wife Rebecca, who was born 1624, died 1700. Does any one know more?

Where did you get the name Sarah Hazard as wife of Stephen Rogers. James died 1755, etc? I have it from the family. Stephen Rogers, born March 25, 1731, married Sarah Hazard, born Sept. 17, 1731. Now I feel very sure this Stephen Rogers is the one who married Sarah Wilcox, in Richmond, Jan. 23, 1752. The question is: Did this Sarah die soon and he afterwards marry a Sarah Hazard, or was she Sarah (Hazard) Wilcox, a widow, or is the family mistaken? If you consult the Wilcox family you will find they intermarried with Hazards, especially in Tiverton, where, tradition says, early members of the family lived.

Three sons of Stephen went to Wayne County, N. Y., Palmyra and vicinity, in 1792, Rev. James, Judge William and Thomas. Judge William married Martha Hayward and had Rev. James, Major William, John, Ruth, Martha and Sallie. He married 2nd, his brother James' widow and had Cyanthia, Dyer, Sophia, Hazard and Prudence. This looks as if the second wife was a Dyer or Hazard. Can any one solve the problem of Sarah, wife of Stephen?—M. L. T. A.

1791. TURNER—Joseph[3] Turner, born January 12, 1648-9, died January 21, 1693-4, married, November 19, 1674, at Hingham, Mass., Bathsheba (Hobart) Leavitt, born September 28, 1640, died April 14, 1724 (widow of John Leavitt, Jr., of Hingham, Mass.) Children: Joseph, born— , died May 7, 1683; Margaret, born September 20, 1677, died March 27, 1747, married, October 20, 1697, Deacon Joseph Stockbridge; Bathsheba, born December 30, 1679, died March 16, 1744, married, December 1, 1698, Deacon Hatherly Foster.—C. E. G., Jr.

1878. LYDE—I can give but very little information concerning the ancestry of Priscilla Byfield, but I want to ask if Col. Nathaniel Byfield had two wives named Deborah. My notes say his first wife was Deborah, daughter of Thomas Baker & Leah Clark, and again that Col. Byfield married, 1675, Deborah Clark, daughter of Thomas Clark, who died July, 1678.

As Deborah & Leah were sisters, it would appear that Col. Byfield married Deborah Baker first, and then his wife's aunt, Deborah Clark. I should be very glad to know whether I am right or wrong.—A. L. W.

1880. CHURCH—My husband is a direct descendant of Thomas Church[4], Benjamin[3], Richard[2] and has the name of his third wife as Sarah Haswell, married——, 1719, and is all we can find.

Perhaps it will help W. P. B., query 1880 to ascertain something more about her.—F. R. B.

Jamestown.

Mr. Daniel Howland was found dead in his yard Monday morning. About 7:30 o'clock in the morning Mr. George Anthony sent his daughter to Mr. Howland's to learn if he was going to work. On entering the yard, about six feet from the back door, she found him lying on the ground. She at once gave an alarm and Messrs. Richard Jordan and Jesse C. Tefft made an investigation and found Mr. Howland dead. Chief of Police Chandler and Medical Examiner Jacoby were notified and after viewing the body pronounced death due to heart failure. It is not known just how long he had been dead. Mr. Howland lived alone, at the corner of Clinton avenue and High street. He was 53 years of age and leaves three sisters, Mrs. Henry W. Clarke, of Providence; Miss Clara Baldwin, of Providence, and Miss Lizzie Howland, of Newport.

The funeral took place from his late residence on the corner of High street and Clinton avenue on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. C. H. Burrows, of St. Matthew's Church, officiating. The bearers were John E. Watson, Alvin H. Peckham, Elijah Anthony and Louis W. Anthony. The interment was in the family lot in the North cemetery.

Tuesday was one of the roughest days on the bay for some years, and all who took passage on the Beavertail had a good opportunity to test their sea-going qualities.

Mrs. Jere Tefft is confined indoors by illness.

Election of Officers.

Notre Dame Society.

President—Mrs. F. P. Garrettson.
Secretary—Mrs. Sidney Woollett.
Treasurer—Mrs. Richard Bliss.
Board of Directors—Mrs. John La Farge, Mrs. Peace Vernon, Miss Florence Lyman, Mrs. Mason Jones, Miss Harrison.
Purchasing Committee—Mrs. La Farge, Mrs. Woollett.
Representative to Charity Organization—Mrs. La Farge.

The society has distributed 166 garments since April 18, 1900, besides paying house rent and providing coal and groceries to many in need.

Gertrude Marshall, youngest daughter of Mrs. F. W. Marshall, is able to be out, after a severe attack of illness.

Mr. Otis D. Sleeper, who has been confined indoors all winter, is able to walk out, and is gaining in health.

Mr. William S. Yoke, who has been seriously ill, is improving and was able to take a short walk the past week.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Owners and Keepers of Dogs.

THE LAST DAY for issuing licenses for dogs, males at one dollar and fifteen cents, and females at five dollars and fifteen cents, is

Tuesday, April 30, 1901.

During the month of May, one dollar additional will be charged; and beginning with June 1, 1901, every owner or keeper of a dog without a license will be liable to a fine of ten dollars for every dog not licensed.

OFFICE OPEN EVENINGS.

BENJ. H. RICHARDS,
4-20 Chief of Police.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, February 11th, A. D. 1901.

BY VIRTUE and by pursuance of an Execution Number 200, issued out of the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1901, and returnable to the said Court August 16th, A. D. 1901, upon a judgement rendered by said Court on the 23rd day of January, 1901, in favor of Thomas Denniston, John B. Denniston and James H. Denniston, all of the City and County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, copartners and doing business in said Newport under firm name of "The Denniston Company" plaintiff, and against Joseph W. Kelley, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Joseph W. Kelley had on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1900, at 40 minutes past 12 o'clock P. M., (the time of the attachment on the original writ,) in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded northerly, on Dennison street, 40 feet; easterly, on land now or formerly of John Geary, 70 feet; southerly, on land of the heirs of Charles H. Burdick, 40 feet; and westerly, on land now or formerly of Mary Williams, 70 feet; be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded and described

and

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 18th day of May, A. D., 1901, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, cost, interest on the same, cost of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

JAMES ANTHONY,
4-20-4-w Sheriff.

RIPPED TO PIECES.

We don't want any more Wall Papers.
It's yours practically for the say so.
Prices absolutely no object.

FOR PROOF OF THIS CONSULT THE FOLLOWING:

	Former Price.	Now.
22-in. Embossed Gilts,	$ .75	$ .35
22-in. Frieze to match,	.35	.12
22-in. Ceilings to match,	.50	.25
22-in. Heavy Bronzes,	.50	.20
Frieze to match,	.12	.05
Ceilings to match,	.30	.20
22-in. Embossed Gilts,	.50	.25
22-in. Leatherettes,	.50	.25
Friezes to match,	.15	.08
Heavy Emb'd Leatherettes,	.75	.40
Friezes to match,	.25	.15
22-in. Gilt Parlor (exclusive patterns),	.75	.40
22-in. Friezes to match,	.25	.15
Embossed Leathers,	.50	.25
Friezes to match,	.15	.10
Varnished Tiles,	.42	.22

	Former Price.	Now.
Silk Stripes in blues, reds, greens, yellows, pinks, very choice,	.25	.15
Leatherettes,	.25	.15
Friezes to match,	.07	.03
A large and very tony line of Heavy Gilts,	.30	.12 1-2
White Blanks for all rooms,		.63 1-2
Borders to match,		.01
Cartridge Paper,		.03
Window Shades, Hollands,		.50
Water Opaques, variety of colors,		.22

Mouldings you may take at your own price.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225–229 THAMES STREET.

EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

—AND—

Black Grain Boots!

ALSO

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Rosanna Gardner, of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date July 17th A. D. 1896, and recorded in Land Evidence of said Newport, Mortgages, Vol. 30, pages 14 and 15, there having been default in the performance of the condition contained in said Mortgage:

There will be sold at public auction on Wednesday, May 15, A. D. 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises hereinafter described in said City of Newport, all the right, title and interest of the said Rosanna Gardner, at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to that certain parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly on Third Street, thirty 8-12 feet, Southerly on land now or late of Hall A. Green, one hundred feet, Easterly on land formerly of George L. and Albert White, about twenty-five feet, Northerly, on land of William Hamilton, formerly of James Grinnell, sixty-five feet, then Easterly on said land of William Hamilton five feet and then again Northerly on said land of William Hamilton thirty-five feet, it being the same lot of land which was conveyed to Jane J. Gardner by Paxton Hiscox by deed bearing date August 8th, A. D. 1891 and recorded in Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 21, p. 207, and being the same premises described in said mortgage.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee.
by GEORGE H. PROUD, TREASURER.
Newport, April 19, 1901.—4-20-4w.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made and executed by Willis A. Wesley of the City and County of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, to Daniel T. Church of the Town of Tiverton in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date February 1st, A. D. 1899 and recorded Mortgages of Personal Property of said Town of Tiverton, Book 2, pages 501, 505, 506, and 507, there having been default of the condition contained in said mortgage:

There will be sold at Public Auction, at "The Cedars" in said Town of Tiverton, commencing at 12.15 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, May 14th, 1901, one horse called Duke, one carriage (Armstrong Trap), one Concord wagon, one open buggy and pole, one double harness, one single harness, together with all harnesses, robes, blankets, whips &c., in the barn at the residence called The Cedars in said Tiverton; one brass bedstead, one C. hair mattress, one white enamel chair, one white enamel rocker, one white enamel chiffonier, one oak table, one oak side board, one oak circle, one china closet, one mahogany finish rocker, one mahogany finish parlor cabinet, one gold chair, one English oak table, one golden oak table, one couch in velour, one Scottish oak arm chair, three rugs, one green rocker, one white enamel rocker, one English oak rocker, one Gold Rocker, one Antique Oak Hall Glass, three Lamps and Shades, one red Tick Stool, one Couch in Green ——, one Mahogany Desk, one Mahogany Table, one decorated Table, one Mahogany Rocker, one Chair, one white Dressing Table, one Japanese Rug, one Mahogany Bookcase, one Willow Table, two Maple Chairs, two Willow Chairs, together with all household furniture, useful and ornamental, beds, bedding, linen, sitinary, bric-a-brac, silver and plated ware, china and glass ware, musical instruments, sewing machine, pictures and paintings and engravings and printed books and music, in the "Cedars" in said Tiverton, and being the goods and chattels described in said mortgage.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

DANIEL T. CHURCH,
Tiverton, April 19, 1901.—4-20-4w. Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, made by Willis A. Wesley of Middletown, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, to George N. Imfee of Fall River, in the County of Bristol and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bearing date February 28th, A. D. 1898, and recorded in Land Evidence of the Town of Tiverton, in said County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, Book 41 on page 371 &c., which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Daniel T. Church of said Tiverton, there having been breach in performance of the condition contained in said mortgage.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Tuesday, May 14, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of Tiverton, all the right, title and interest of the said Willis A. Wesley, at the time of the execution of said mortgage, in and to, two certain lands or parcels of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon situate in said Town of Tiverton, and being the same premises however otherwise bounded and described conveyed to said Willis A. Wesley, by deeds of Margie F. Smith dated February 28, 1898, recorded with Tiver on, R. I., Deeds, together with all rights in or of ways or driveways as described in said deeds of Margie F. Smith. For further and more particular description of said premises reference may be made to said deeds of Margie F. Smith, and being the same premises described in said mortgage.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale

DANIEL T. CHURCH,
Assignee of Mortgage.
Tiverton, April 19, 1901.—4-20-4w.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made and executed by Thomas Murphy and Frank F. Nolan, both of the City and County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, &c., (Mary A. Nolan, wife of the said Frank F. Nolan, joining therein in release of dower), to the Island Savings Bank, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island and established in said City of Newport, dated September 11, 1891, and recorded in Volume 35 of the Mortgages Land Evidence of said City of Newport, at pages 150 and 151, which said Mortgage Deed and the note and claim thereby secured were afterwards assigned, transferred and set over by the said Island Savings Bank to Alexander O'D. Taylor, of said City of Newport, by deed of assignment dated April 17, 1896, and recorded in Volume 28 of the said Mortgages Land Evidence, at pages 323 and 324, and which said Mortgage Deed and note and claim were afterwards assigned, transferred and set over by the said Alexander O'D. Taylor to the said Mary A. Nolan by deed of assignment, dated December 28, 1897, and duly recorded in the said Mortgages Land Evidence, the undersigned will sell the parcel of land and property hereinafter described, at public auction, upon the said premises, on MONDAY, April 22, 1901, at twelve o'clock noon (the condition of said Mortgage Deed having been broken), to wit: all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said City of Newport and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Southwesterly, on Friendship street, sixty (60) feet; Northwesterly, on land now or formerly of John Shanahan, one hundred and thirty-two (132) feet; Northeasterly, on land of or formerly of William A. Freeborne, sixty feet and thirty-five hundredths of a foot (60.35); and Southeasterly on land now or formerly of William A. Freeborne, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet, being lot numbered "2" on a plan of the partition of certain lands between Thomas W. Freeborne and others, on record in the City Clerk's Office in said City of Newport, Land Evidence, Vol. 62, p. 506, and being the same premises heretofore conveyed to the said Thomas Murphy and Frank F. Nolan by deed bearing date September 11, A. D. 1891.

And the undersigned hereby gives notice that she intends to bid on said property at said sale thereof.

MARY A. NOLAN,
4-20-4w Assignee of the Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street.

B. W. PEARCE.

Farm Stock and Tools at Auction.

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, Wednesday, the 24th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., at the farm of John B. DeBlois (Gypsum Lane, so called), in the town of Middletown, the following property, to wit: 11 Cows, 1 Bull, 4 Horses, 1 Colt, 1 Two-Horse Lumber Wagon, 1 Covered Wagon, 1 Road Wagon, 1 Heavy Double Harness, 1 single Harness, about 150 Hens, 1 Mowing Machine, a lot of Milk Cans, 1 Wheelbarrow, a lot of Potatoes, Cattle Ties, and a lot of Farming Tools.

If stormy the sale will take place the next fair day. Conditions of sale cash.

JAMES ANTHONY,
4-20-1w. Auctioneer.

CODDINGTON SAVINGS BANK.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND, at the rate of three and one half per cent per annum will be paid on and after Wednesday, April 17, 1901.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE, Treasurer.
Newport, R. I., April 16, 1901.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Proposals for an Addition to the Townsend Industrial School.

SEALED PROPOSALS, with the names of the Bondsmen and Sub-Contractors, addressed to the Chairman, will be received by the Committee from residents of Newport, for the construction of an addition to the Townsend Industrial School, at the office of the Superintendent of Schools, City Hall, before four (4) o'clock, April the twenty-second (22nd), 1901.

Plans and specifications may be obtained of the Architects, Messrs. Andrews and Wilbers, No. 22 Bellevue Avenue.

The Committee reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

For the Committee:
4-18 F. A. WARD, Chairman.

Town of New Shoreham.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

AT A MEETING of the Town Council of the town of New Shoreham, holden April 9th, 1901, the following named persons made application for liquor licenses of the second class, under the provisions of Chapter 102, of the General Laws of Rhode Island, and acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of said town, viz:

MACOMBER, JOHN L.—West side of Water street, so called, distant therefrom about 60 feet, near Narragansett Hotel.

DODGE, WINFIELD S.—East side of Beach Road, distant therefrom about 70 feet, near the "Old Pier."

MITCHELL, AMOS W.—East side of High street, near the Mason Hall.

MOTT, ALTON H.—West side of Ocean avenue on the corner of Cemetery Road, near the New Harbor.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall, in said town, on TUESDAY, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 7 o'clock p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard before acting upon said applications or of granting licenses under them.

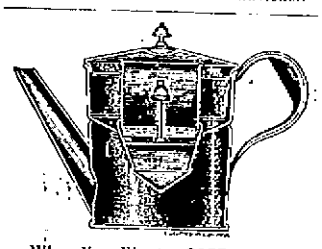
Published by order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
4-13-3w Council Clerk.

NOTICE.

BY THE SPECIAL REQUEST of the lineal descendants and living members of the family of Governor Benedict Arnold, the first Governor of Rhode Island under the Charter, and by authority in me vested by the Governor and General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, I hereby give notice to the public that all trespassers must refrain from further desecration or use of the burial ground of the said Benedict Arnold, and to all those who have placed rubbish, boxes or any other articles upon said burial lot to remove them at once, and also to open passage to the said burial lot from the street. I also hereby give notice to the public that the matter has been investigated by the authority of the said General Assembly and a report of the same is now before said Honorable Body awaiting action, pending which and until the result of their deliberations is known, this notice is given as aforesaid. All trespassers, as well as those who fail to remove the present rubbish, or shall further use the said lot for storage purposes, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, upon proof being shown under the Desecration Act. All persons will therefore govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES N. ARNOLD,
4-6-5w Commissioner.



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"The Perfecter"

Is far superior to anything now on the market as a coffee maker. Ask your dealer for it and take NO other if you want the BEST. 2-24

NEW CARPETS.

Just received a large stock of

New Carpets,

Oil Cloths, Linoleums,

WALL PAPERS,

Window Shades, &c.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

133 THAMES STREET.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the

MERCURY OFFICE.

Furnished Cottages

on various parts of the island

FOR RENT.

Apply to H. S. MILLIKIN,
6-30-tf Block Island, R. I.

WANTED.

The NEWPORT MERCURY containing Genealogical column, from first date of column to the 27th May, 1820.

Answer, stating price,

MRS. G. WILSON SMITH,
11 East 32d Street,
2-2 New York City.